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WINIFRED HOLTBY: "Here is a picture of a life, as quickly, as intelligently, as fully lived as any" . . . *(See page 5)*

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TESTAMENT OF FRIENDSHIP

THE STORY OF WINIFRED HOLTBY

By VERA BRITTAIN

AUTHOR OF

"TESTAMENT OF YOUTH"

"THRICE A STRANGER"

Etc.

IN four separate ways, this is a memorable volume: it is a rich and full biography developing an individual life against a background of political currents and broad social change; it is a record of friendship seldom equalled in the field of letters—or elsewhere; it is a portrait of a warm-hearted woman who was unusual in the sweep and depth of her interests and loyalties; it is a thing of beauty.

Few biographies have been written from such intimate and comprehending knowledge. From college days after the world war, to the day of Winifred Holtby's death, she and Miss Brittain were closely associated. The result is a book that has, for this generation, a poignant interest equal to that which "Testament of Youth" held for the last. $2.50

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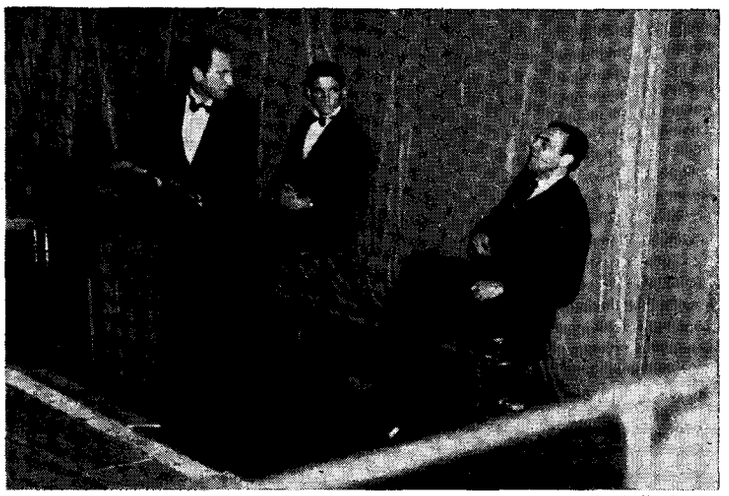
THE LECTURE BUSINESS

BY UPTON CLOSE



Paul H. Butler

Upton Close (left) in a recent debate on foreign policy with Hamilton Fish (seated, right) at Lehigh University.

I NO longer apologize for being "one of those people who lecture." There need be nothing apologetic about a business with three million customers, a three to five million dollar a year gross revenue, and more influence on politics and popular taste per dollar than publishing and radio. We lecturers take a lot of ribbing. A local chairman may introduce us with a boner that enriches the profession's lore. But the lecture business is no joke. It is one of the deepest-rooted institutions in American life, and is now becoming one of the widest-spread. Today it is giving birth to new crusades, creeds, cults, and organizations just as earlier it gave the first popular impetus to abolition, prohibition, woman suffrage, and circulating libraries.

Ten years ago prophets said radio would kill lecture-going. The lecturer met that menace by turning forum leader and letting his audiences talk back and ask questions. Since the radio goads people to talk back but they must attend a lecture to do it, nothing has given lecturing greater impetus than radio.

Thus, in spite of every force that threatens to kill it, the lecture business constantly reasserts itself, and today there are more people going more regularly to lectures than ever before. The United States Bureau of Education, in collaboration with local school authorities, is spreading the lecture-going habit through areas heretofore considered too braw for anything save rodeos or wrestling matches. It is gathering tens of thousands of people, whose cultural interests were once confined to the movies, into schoolhouses to hear talks on and ask questions about present problems of democracy. The Town Hall of the Air, which has built up fifteen hundred listening groups from Miami to Alaska, announced a five-year program to increase this number to fifty thousand. Rapidly these local groups become forums, engaging their own speakers. Home talent will do for a while, but soon members want to see and hear in the flesh nationally known, capable speakers as the favored New York group does.

Impresarios of the vanished Chautauqua circuits—that went high and dry during the jazz and gin age—have come to life and established forty "celebrity" forums with budgets up to $15,000 a year. These courses are a success in cities of twenty thousand upward, and in larger cities several courses are running simultaneously. Ben Franklin, old Chautauqua hand of Kansas, is proving that businessmen hunger for what was so long almost the monopoly of woman's clubs. He has created in fifty smaller cities—and is now organizing in fifty more—dinner clubs, executive clubs, and town halls which meet exclusively to listen to able speakers on cultural subjects and world affairs.

Of late, too, politicians have discovered the influence of the lecture platform — as did foreign propagandists back in 1916. Presidential campaign year—when so much speaking is given away—used to be "dead year" in lecturing. Managers cut their staffs and lecturers took long trips abroad to replenish themselves. But today's American voter, thick-skinned to propaganda and ribald about old-fashioned political platforms and candidates, would rather hear trained lecturers talk about platforms and candidates and pay for it than hear political ranters or even the candidates themselves, when these are poor speakers. For the voter prefers to hear points of view presented professionally and with a sense of responsibility to the audience. Americans feel free to judge opinion offered on the commercial lecture platform; they are less suspicious of its honesty. Clever politicians are today offering lecture managers special inducements to put campaign speakers out on an apparently commercial basis, but managers take the view that speakers good enough for them to bother with will not need to make such offers.

With its new lease on life, lecturing has found its way to the crossroads as well as to larger and smaller cities. The Collins Festival Circuit brings "talent" to three hundred eastern hamlets at a cost of $195 to the village that puts on a six-night "festival" of contact with the thoughts and troubles of the big outside world. These are brought into the neighborhood church or school by returned missionaries, ex-ministers, and former college professors who receive $60 a week plus room and board in the homes of local sponsors.

Half the lecture market is in the multifarious clubs of the land. The commercial lecture bureaus sell to some two thousand women's clubs out of fifteen thousand in the General Federation, and to as many more assorted service, professional, religious, literary, geographical, historical, consumer, reform, hobby, and sentimental organizations which book speakers at regular meetings. Hobby groups vary from Izaak Walton Leagues and dog clubs to garden and yacht clubs; reform groups from W. C. T. U.'s to Townsend clubs; sentimental and sympathetic organizations from Daughters of Indiana to English Speaking Unions and Friends of China. Several thousand conventions—many of the most surprising sort: bankers, undertakers, glass-blowers, oil-burner salesmen, and fertilizer men's associa-

Next Week

POLONAISE
By MARTIN HARE
Reviewed by Richard A. Cordell

THE DUST WITHIN THE ROCK
By FRANK WATERS
Reviewed by James Gray

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tions—engage a "celebrity speaker" to top off their annual banquet. Then there are civic rallies and honorary dinners. The planning committee's first problem is: "Where do we get a speaker to promote ticket sales or attract attendance?"

Yet lecture managers admit that they only skim the cream. Beyond their costly promotion efforts lies the immense market of thirteen thousand smaller women's clubs of the General Federation and of the six million more women outside the Federation but organized in some group or cause. And then there are the thousands of health, music, parent-teachers, study, school, religious, and special groups that hire speakers direct at $5 to $50 a night. You get some idea of the lecture market. Detroit, which we think of as a commercial rather than a cultural center, is averaging twenty lecturers a day this season.

In the widespread market of forums, courses, clubs, and conventions, the three leading booking bureaus will place approximately a million dollars' worth of dates this season for Eleanor Roosevelt, General Hugh Johnson, Alexander Woollcott, England's ex-Lord of the Admiralty, Alfred Duff Cooper, Germany's Thomas Mann, France's Mlle. Curie, China's Lin Yutang, and the dapper young nephew of Adolf Hitler; for news commentators John Gunther, Dorothy Thompson, J. R. Knickerbocker; and for several scores of other steady producers.

A dozen or so of these will draw fees of $1,000 or higher for a single lecture. For years bureaus took twenty-five percent of the fee and the lecturer paid his own expenses. Today more contracts call for fifty-five percent to the bureau, which pays the lecturer's advertising and travel expenses (but not hotels or meals). Lecturers find that the change is all in favor of the bureaus. But the bureaus never get rich—or stay rich long, although they may make an isolated killing on a big name. Often they must risk large amounts in guarantees to notables and in selling campaigns for tours that may be canceled.

If a lecture is delivered before a club or closed group, tickets are sold at a price necessary to cover only incidental expense and fee. Occasionally a local group will sell tickets at a price that will cover fee and expenses and give a profit. On his recent trip to the United States, H. G. Wells was sold by manager Harold Peat at $3,000 a night and sometimes drew twice that much at the box office.

Big names are often a sort of ballyhoo side show to lecture courses. They are persons prominent in politics, radio, best seller lists, adventure, or anything besides lecturing. They do not need, or usually care, to lecture, but the money to be made out of a few dates causes plausible managers to over-persuade the possessors of the year's big names to go on the lecture platform. Frequently they tire of the game, leaving managers and committees in the lurch, and all too frequently they prove duds in public, causing resentment among the customers. Even when they can speak they can be afforded only once. They take so large a proportion of lecture course budgets that often fewer speakers or inferior talent must be booked for the remaining numbers. Their audiences may console themselves that it was worth the price to get a good look at the living curiosity. Eleanor Roosevelt's manager gets $1,000 up, primarily because of her "see" value, but spectators stay to listen to her with enjoyment because she is a born showwoman with a charming personality. The First Lady, finding, to her amazement, that the commercial lecture business took her seriously, forthwith proceeded to take it seriously, and submitted herself to a course in voice training and gesture control that make it a pleasure to see and hear her. Her addresses are tolerant in spirit, devoid of acrimony. In addresses to special groups, particularly welfare groups, she frequently attains a stirring emotional quality.

Americans will pay for education and culture carried on the wings of showmanship. The combination reaches its highest perfection on the lecture platform. Seasoned Broadway showmen admit that the American lecture is the greatest one-man show ever known. *Variety* comments enviously on the present boom in the "spiel industry," making actors yearn to turn lecturers. Gesticulations, voice inflections, and magnetism dispensing a touch of emotional or mental stimulus have always been the surest means of attracting audiences, and they will remain so despite all gadgets of recording, radio, and television.

The drawbacks of the lecture business are the general American ones of high cost of selling and distribution. Clubs change program chairmen yearly. This requires a year-round sales force on the road. The successful salesman must work a territory long enough to know all whims, pet hates, dominant personalities, and financial resources of booking organizations there, and gain a reputation for frank truth about talent he and his rivals are selling. Club chairmen set dates according to local whim and necessity, which forces the lecturer to a tiring Pullman and hotel life as he doubles back and forth across this vast land like a gangster pursued by G-men, and gives railroads the big cut of fees. Committees freely ask for changes of dates or even cancellations, but woe to the bureau which tries to change a promised date or the lecturer who fails to arrive! I have had to dash from Karachi, India, to Fargo.

(*Continued on page* 15)

The Fiery Element

BY JOHN HOLMES

SHALL I be much amazed at the watery air,
Or airy earth, in kind as they must be?
But man, the fiery element everywhere,
Saddens, astounds, delights, and angers me.
Today, and every day, and the story true,
Murder will out. I curse, though sick at heart,
Some small incredible cruelty not new.
Yet will certainly up tomorrow cry and start
At the torn flag of courage in a gale at noon,
Or spirit by spirit known and onward sped.
I plod stupidity's dry sandy dune.
I shiver again where kindness came and fled.
Though man, the fiery element, sink like fire
With winter on the world, and go out black,
He flames again, a new light leaping higher,
A human warmth that drives the winter back.
His is the burning, variously bright,
Now tall as love is tall, now low as shame,
That breaks earth's shadow with a human light,
Himself the fuel and ash, himself the flame.

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Richness in Life and Writing

TESTAMENT OF FRIENDSHIP: The Story of Winifred Holtby. By Vera Brittain. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 412 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

WHEN Winifred Holtby died in September, 1935, at the age of thirty-seven, her name was known to comparatively few people in America. Her novels "Poor Caroline" and "Mandoa, Mandoa!" had won her recognition from the discerning; the sweeping success of her friend Vera Brittain's "Testament of Youth" introduced Winifred to a wider circle as the loyal, selfless, devoted, and inexorably honest adviser and friend; but as an author she was almost unknown. Then came her posthumous novel "South Riding"; and with it Winifred Holtby took her place beside her fellow-Yorkshirewoman, Storm Jameson, as one of the most *satisfying* of English novelists. A long line of yoeman farmer ancestors could be fancied as standing by her, gruffly affirming, "There's stoof in th' lass."

That adjective "satisfying" should be taken as high praise: and "South Riding" is the only book of Winifred Holtby's I would qualify with the word. Her journalism, when she wrote on public affairs, was eminently satisfying; but in her imaginative work her incurable modesty, her inability to be all of herself if she thought she could do more good by a bit of self-suppression, made even "Mandoa, Mandoa!" tentative, uncertain, even uncharacteristic. In this loving and careful tribute to her friend, Vera Brittain has given the key to that earlier uncertainty: it was not until she began to work on "South Riding" that Winifred had managed to see in some reasonable proportion a personal tragedy which cut her life in two. From the early days of the war, when she was a young girl, until her death, much of Winifred Holtby's most passionate emotion, most intense attention were occupied by a love-affair, in which there was for her nothing but frustration, disappointment, and an agony of desire unfulfilled. Towards the end, until that last week when at her death-bed the uncertain lover promised her marriage, there was added to all that pain a wonder whether any of it had been worth while, whether she and Bill were not just reflections of the lady and the lover in Browning's "The Statue and the Bust," and a suspicion that Bill, who was—oh! this was certain—fond of her, had never understood her, never wanted her, had been in love only with the bright, cheerful, lovely girl who, in the suspense and terror of those years 1914 to 1918, represented to him the beauty which was smashed every day in the trenches of France and Flanders.

So, at last, she pulled herself together, achieved that moment of integration in which the artist can work at his best, and, in spite of illness, of other activities, of vile pain and a sense of ominous death, conceived and produced "South Riding." It is a narrow and barren criticism which pays no heed to the circumstances in which art is made, and the tens of thousands who have loved "South Riding" will surely love it the more when they

Howard Coster

Vera Brittain

read under what tremendous pressure it was produced.

"Testament of Friendship" is not, however, the life of a novelist: it is the portrait of a deeply-loved, most courageous woman: an account of a journalist who at her best was as good as any of her contemporaries, without whose sense, pertinacity, and shrewd wisdom Lady Rhondda's paper *Time and Tide* would not have taken the place it has among London weeklies, of a public worker who, by her advocacy of justice for the Negroes in South Africa, did much to arouse liberal British opinion on their behalf; and of a friend whose loyalty, tact, and devotion gave, in a selfish age and to a shrill, cynical society, a new meaning to that over-worked term "self-expression." You could be more of a person, Winifred Holtby's friends were bound to admit as they watched her way of living, by living for others than for yourself; you could be more yourself that way, too.

I first met Winifred Holtby three years before her death. She was doomed then (her disease was high blood-pressure); she was often racked with the pain of savage headaches; she could not, except for rare occasions, go out at all in the evenings; she was liable to sudden and complete collapses. I worked with her for nearly a year; I saw her patient and competent with printers and proof-readers, with contributors and clerks, in the *Time and Tide* office, and I never heard her complain of ill-health. I never knew from her how mortally she was afflicted; and too many of her friends, watching her, radiant and quick-witted, persuaded themselves that the physicians must be wrong, that Winifred would after all get better. She had to excess the "grit" which is the boast of the people of Yorkshire; but she had none of the rude harshness with which it sometimes goes.

Owing, I suppose, to that fatal and luckless love-affair, Winifred Holtby was indeed too little self-assertive. Miss Brittain complains, and the accusation does display a rather common insensitiveness, that one well-known Englishman accused Winifred Holtby of a provincial eagerness to meet, a foolish anxiety to collect, celebrated people. The truth is that Winifred Holtby did sometimes put the "great ones" on a pedestal: she did lack self-confidence. It is natural enough for a young woman of thirty to be pleased at the prospect of meeting Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, H. M. Tomlinson, Robert Cecil—but Winifred Holtby never seems even to have whispered to herself that it would be fun for these men to meet her. She was too self-expunging; and she gravely over-estimated the talents and the characters of some of the women with whom she was associated. She forgot, as her friend Stella Benson never did, that she was "rather a fine fellow" herself. She was not, I think, a very good judge of women's characters: in her estimate of men (unless they were too celebrated) she was far more apt, shrewd, and discerning; and she could, when it was necessary, puncture masculine vanity as mortally as her colleague E. M. Delafield.

Of all Winifred Holtby's activities Miss Brittain writes fully, and with the knowledge won by close intimacy and acquaintance with the different worlds in which her friend moved. This part of the book is admirably done: but what gives it its value and its color is her portrayal, done delicately and frankly, of a great friendship. As readers of "Testament of Youth" will remember, Vera and Winifred met as students at Oxford: and for that time Miss Brittain's earlier book must be consulted. What is remarkable is that the friendship begun then grew and was enhanced in strength and beauty in the years when each young woman was looking for her life-work, falling in love, experi-

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menting, ardently seeking truth, exploring into error. When Vera Brittain married George Catlin, the friendship took on a new life, and in her account of Winifred's devotion to the children, help in the household, keen interest in her friend's activities, Miss Brittain will convey to those who never knew her something of Winifred Holtby's astonishing generosity. Of life in Bloomsbury and in Chelsea in these hurried, hopeful, hectic years—the twenties—we have had many accounts in fiction and biography. Most of them show thin, crackling, rather poisonous little groups, Waugh-ing away, vacuous and vicious, kin to unkindness, snuffling round the sties where that prodigal son, Aldous Huxley, was as yet undetermined to go home. Many of us have known that it was not all like that, to all the intelligent: and here is a picture of a life, as quickly, as intelligently, as fully lived as any, where there was still richness in love and work, and joy in loyalty.

The Old North State

NORTH CAROLINA. A Guide to the Old North State. Compiled and Written by the Federal Writers Project WPA. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1939. 601 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THIS excellent book about North Carolina, prepared by the Federal Writers Project, is not merely the best guide to the State, it is also the best general reference book available to either the native or the foreigner about life within the State. Nowhere else is there so much information (and accurate information) about the history, geography, industry, agriculture, habits, and customs of the Tar Heels collected with so much clarity in so brief a space.

North Carolina is not an easy State to present in compact picture. From Smith's Island to the Great Smokies its climate and its vegetation run a course approximating the distance from the sub-tropics to Canada. It is not only the Southern State most industrialized, it remains also essentially rural. From Virginia Dare to 1939 it has the longest story of any of the English-settled states. It is, I suspect also, the Southern State which in its old equalitarian democracy departs furthest from the traditional and romantic pattern of the aristocratic South. All these aspects of the long story of a long State are shrewdly and accurately pointed. If the book is not perfect, neither is North Carolina. But it is a good guide to a good State. As patriot that is all I ask—and a little bit more than I expected.

Nadir of Life

HELL ON TRIAL. By René Belbenoit. Translated by Preston Rambo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1940. 317 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD COURLANDER

CAYENNE, that almost legendary (except to its inmates) prison colony in French Guiana, is virtually all that remains of many fruitless attempts to colonize the last French possession on the mainland of America. Twelve thousand colonists, ill-prepared and ill-fitted by nature, came to French Guiana during the reign of Louis XIV only to fall sick and die of tropical diseases and improper food. After the fall of Robespierre in 1794, more than five hundred Frenchmen were deported to the colony, most of whom died like their predecessors. Another attempt to settle the country was made, this time with African slaves, but, successful as it appeared to be, slavery in the colonies was abolished in 1848. The Negroes in Guiana retired deep into the interior of the country. Hindus, Malays, and Chinese were then imported, but they turned to commercial pursuits rather than farming. In 1851 the first convicts were assigned to Cayenne, and they have been flowing there in an unending stream for ninety years.

"Hell on Trial," like "Dry Guillotine," is by implication a statement of what the French have built in the Guiana colony after generations of criminals, deportees, and political offenders have spent their lives in the disease-ridden camps. The "experiment," if one is to judge by Mr. Belbenoit's book, has been a truly miserable failure. The story is a case history written in passion by one of the victims of an administration and a judiciary whose social irresponsibility appears to equal that of Cayenne's most hardened inmates.

Upon serving his eight years' sentence for robbery, Belbenoit became a *libéré,* which entitled him to live outside the prison jurisdiction itself but, through the curious phenomenon of French penal justice known as *doublage* (doubling), forbade his leaving Cayenne for another eight years. From a new and sympathetic (and therefore quite temporary) governor of French Guiana he received permission to leave for the period of a year. He chose to go to Venezuela, but there he was refused permission to disembark. He then went to Panama, a town full of escaped Guiana convicts, many of them thriving on rackets and crime. When his year was up, Belbenoit decided to return to France rather than to Cayenne, there to make a plea for justice. He stowed away on a French ship and was arrested on his arrival in Havre in November, 1931. He spent the next twenty-two months in French prisons and was then shipped back to Guiana. There he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for leaving the colony.

After his release he was again a "free convict", a *libéré* bound to French Guiana soil. This time Belbenoit made his plans for a genuine escape. He went to sea with five other men in a small canoe, and landed sixteen days later in Trinidad, from where they moved on to Colombia. Belbenoit went northward alone. In Salvador he stowed away on a freighter, and seven days later jumped ship in California. That was in 1935, and this book goes no further. Since then Belbenoit has been living in the United States, and last October he was married. But he has been living here as an illegal entrant, and the Department of Immigration ruled that he must be outside the country by January 10. Today he is on his way to another refuge, if he can find one.

Belbenoit's story is not concerned solely with his own case. A large section of it deals with the men he knew, and the various brutalities dealt out to them by the administration.

At times the writing becomes somewhat repetitious and disorderly. It makes direct accusations and indictments where the implications speak only too well for themselves. As a straightforward narration of experience, however, the book bears the mark of integrity. There are gaps and a sense of too much haste, which must tantalize readers not acquainted with "Dry Guillotine." All in all, "Hell on Trial" is best regarded as a supplement to its predecessor.

Bachrach

René Belbenoit

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Harold Nicolson

Diplomacy or Economics?

WHY BRITAIN IS AT WAR. By Harold Nicolson. Penguin Books. 1939. 160 *pp.* 25 *cents.*

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

AMONG the inexpensive, paper-bound books, which unfortunately are still more popular in Britain than in America, none is more in vogue than the Penguin series. This latest "Penguin Special" is written by one of those typically versatile Englishmen who at 53 (not 73, as the publisher's biography indicates) has already achieved fame in diplomacy, literature, and politics. Mr. Nicolson presents what is almost an official British view of the war, waged not merely to defend the United Kingdom but "to save humanity." He is at his best when comparing Herr Hitler to the notorious George Joseph Smith, who in 1915 murdered three brides for their money and went to the scaffold because his technique became too familiar. Mr. Nicolson describes Hitler's three murders—Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland—accurately and concisely.

While criticizing the appeasement policy of unhappy memory, Mr. Nicolson argues that Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Horace Wilson, like most of the British public, sincerely believed in Hitler's good intentions until the very last minute. In his concluding discussion of Allied war aims, this influential M.P. recalls the mistakes of Versailles and advocates—in vague terms—a European federation. There is little acknowledgment, however, of the part that Britain and France (and the United States) played in making Hitlerism inevitable in the post-war decade, and no discussion of the basic economic maladjustments underlying the present conflict. Like the Versailles statesmen whom he condemns, Mr. Nicolson makes the mistake of preferring diplomacy to economics.

Education of a Soldier

NO ARMS, NO ARMOUR. By Robert Henriques. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 373 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS winner of the $15,000 All-Nations Prize Novel Competition has an unusual setting—the regular British Army of 1928-30—and it is one that will pique the average reader's interest by its novelty. Many wartime novels have made us familiar with wartime British soldiering, but this is soldiering with a difference. The army of which Major Henriques writes is the army of Kipling's tales brought down to date, an army which has religiously dusted off and refurbished its old traditions, after the deplorable semi-civilian embroilment of 1914-18. It is an army at peace, save, of course, for professional shows in the Sudan, in Palestine, and on the Afghan border; an army that can get on with the business of being itself, without having its system disrupted by the requirements of fighting on an embarrassingly grand scale. The generals are themselves again, and each officer and man is a correct part in an exact pattern, an unvariable actor in a classic ritual.

Percival St. John Trannion Windrush, familiarly known as Tubby, was born and bred to be a soldier; to become in due course a general. He was big and strong and fair, he came from the right sort of family and had gone to the right sort of school; he had been told and taught all the right things, and he believed them without questioning. His boots and his breeches, no less than his pedigree, were beyond criticism. No life course could have been plotted in advance more plainly than was his.

But when Tubby joined the Seventeenth Light Battery, he encountered two unusual men: Sammy, his commanding officer, and Daddy Watson, the perpetual senior subaltern whom promotion had long overlooked. Both were good officers, but they both had what no good officer is supposed to have—minds and spirits of their own. Sammy met circumstances by ignoring them with the detachment of an oriental philosopher; Daddy met them, breast forward, in continuous and furious battle. Sammy fed on belief and love, while Daddy Watson drew sustenance and strength from scorn and skepticism, but to neither of them was life the simple, face-value affair of Tubby's code and training. Even before his racing accident their talk vaguely troubled him. When he found himself helpless in hospital, with a smashed shoulder, their contradictory influences really began to work upon him and Tubby was committed to a painful journey of self-discovery.

"No Arms, No Armour" is the story of the education of Tubby Windrush; a story which, to borrow a jacket phrase of the author's, exemplifies "the process of human emergence." This education owed much to Sammy, almost as much to Daddy Watson, and a little to Lydia. It began in hospital when Tubby first framed an idea of his own, was continued with Lydia during his convalescence, progressed—after Sammy's death, and in jarring intimacy with Daddy—in the isolated African fort and later in the Khartoum garrison, and culminated during the arduous, solitary trek from the Blue Nile to the Gallander River. After that ordeal Tubby could say to Benjy that he had begun to see his life "as a sort of pattern."

Major Henriques tells this story with a skill and vigor and a wealth of living detail that never permit the reader's interest to flag. Tubby's fateful race, the sailing of the troopship, the ambush, the bickering nights with Daddy at the fort, the old bull of a Sergeant-Major standing trial, the triumph over flesh, and the race against thirst—these things we see and feel, enjoy and remember. The long conversations about life and its possible meanings are good, too, in the main; although they tend to repeat themselves. We are conscious all the while that we are reading a novel well worth reading. But when it is done, one feels—or I felt, at least—a little cheated. Total satisfaction does not crown the minor satisfactions that we have experienced. We have been told that Sammy was a great man, capable of exerting an amazing influence, but he has remained a cloudy figure, described but not realized. Regarding Daddy we have no doubts; we have known him, and known him well. But what of Tubby himself, whose progress we have followed with such interest? He has discovered a pattern to his life, we are told. But what is that pattern? He has found himself. But what is the nature of that self? Lydia, at the last, asks: "Tubby, Tubby—what *are* you?" And he replies: "Blessed if I know; scarcely a soldier. . . ."

With that we can agree, for we have watched him become something more than a soldier; watched a human development, part rational, part mystical. But just how much more than a soldier he is, we cannot say. And we are sorry that we have to take leave of him just when his life story is promising to become most interesting and most rewarding. Sorry for what is denied us, but grateful for what has been given.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Censorship and Public Opinion

MR. ERNST and Mr. Lindey are well qualified to survey the current situation with respect to censorship. It has been their good fortune, as they remark, to argue many of the most important cases in this field in recent years. Their new book* concerns itself only with censorship involving the administration of the obscenity law in the United States. Political censorship is another topic, although all censorships are related, and toleration of misuse of authority in one domain breeds misuse in others.

To the lay observer the progress made in freeing literature from limitations in the matter of sex seems almost a complete victory in one generation, with only a few mopping-up operations to be finished. It is true, as the authors say, that the triumphs have been won by court decisions (such as the notable ones of Judge Woolsey in the "Ulysses" and "Married Love" cases) rather than by the repeal of repressive laws. But only a few years separated the trial of Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett for her pamphlet on sex instruction and the unhindered issuance of a flood of sex instruction books. In the competition for sales, the mail-order type of advertising of some of these volumes was so lurid as to be repulsive. The point is that never before, probably, has there been so swift a change, and the opponents of censorship might well be amazed at their victories. In creative literature the span of time between the banning of "Jurgen" and the best-seller distribution of "The Grapes of Wrath" has been short indeed. But Mr. Ernst, like Oliver Twist, asks for more. He asks, and not unreasonably, that some more specific definition of obscenity be framed so that authors, publishers, theatrical producers, editors, and news vendors may know in advance what the courts will regard as illegal.

The authors offer a program covering literature, motion pictures, the stage, and radio. They suggest the amendment of laws in all jurisdictions —federal, state, and city—"to make it indisputably clear that they are aimed solely against smut—dirt for dirt's sake." The lay observer may ask whether any language of law involving questions of taste and propriety and subject to interpretation by judge and jury can be made so indisputably clear. As a matter of fact many of the worst cases of oppression have come about because of the action of pressure groups influencing the prosecuting officials.

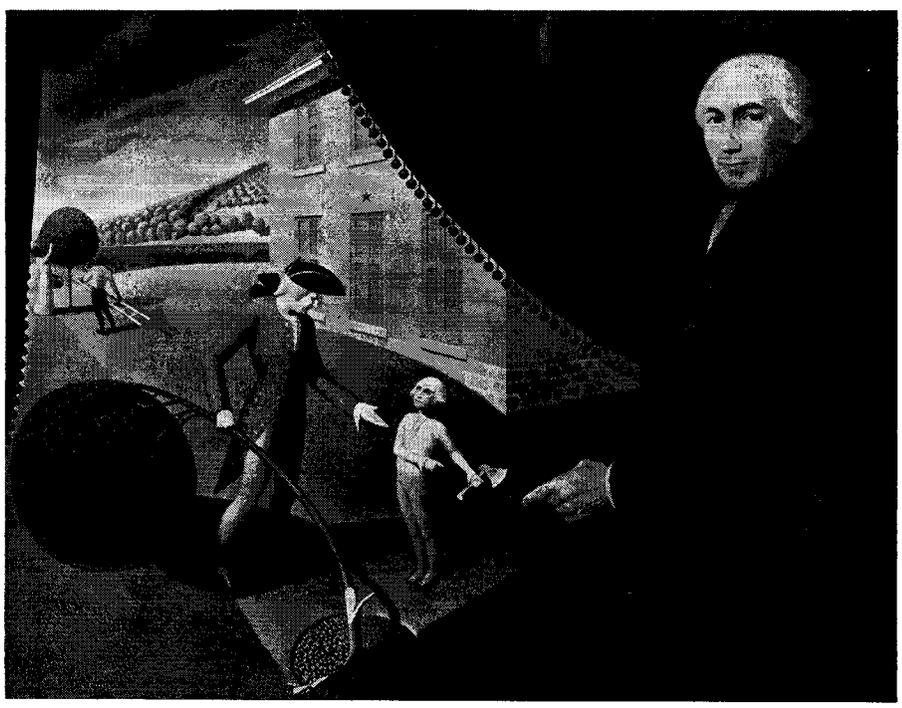
Abolition of motion picture censorship, or at least of political film review boards, elimination of laws against contraceptive advice and materials, exemption of "legitimate nudist activities" from the ban of indecent exposure laws, and the changing of rules of evidence so that expert testimony on obscenity and the probable effect of such material upon persons of normal sex instincts can be introduced in courts, are some of Mr. Ernst's and Mr. Lindey's reform proposals. In the domain of radio (admittedly more difficult because the radio receiver is in the home) the authors would require every station to set aside regular periods for uncensored discussion.

One can scarcely follow the reasoning of Mr. Ernst and Mr. Lindey in linking the salvation of democracy with the liberalizing of sex censorship. "The earliest manifestations of censorship under Hitler concerned sex no less than politics," it is stated in the foreword. But to assume the proposition that sex censorship is the nose of the camel of political censorship is too much. A large part of the book tells the story of a hard and fast sex censorship in this democratic land up till a few years ago, and that restriction was accompanied by no threats upon other freedoms. The ideas of the Victorian or McKinleyan eras on frankness concerning sex were almost unanimously backed by public opinion. In the last analysis that is where the power lies, and the application of that power will change with the time and the place. Even today metropolitan cities will tolerate what is not permitted in small communities. Freedom with respect to sex matters can and should be greater in publications reaching intellectually sophisticated readers than in the *Youth's Companion,* or even in the daily newspaper. The motion pictures and the radio exert a control over sex matters in deference to what they believe to be public opinion.

All that can reasonably be hoped for by the liberal is that public opinion is moving steadily in the direction of a sane interpretation and enforcement of the obscenity laws. This seems to be the case, and Mr. Ernst and Mr. Lindey are a trifle too impatient with the pace of this movement. They have performed a genuine service, however, in this admirable survey of censorship and in assembling the facts concerning many incidents of which the lay observer recalls only inaccurate impressions.

CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE.

*THE CENSOR MARCHES ON. By Morris L. Ernst and Alexander Lindey. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 346 pp., with index. $2.50.



"Parson Weem's Fable," by Grant Wood. Reproduced (in celebration of American art and letters) from the 1940 Annual of Contemporary American Art, Whitney Museum.

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Letters to the Editor: *Cliché of the Mystery Writers*

Making Sense

SIR:—I wonder if there is a Guild of Detective Story Writers, which imposes as a condition of membership that each writer shall use a certain form of words at least once in a story; if missing, the story is to be banned and the guilty author suspended.

This sine qua non consists of the words: "It doesn't make sense."

I admit I have read a few stories in which this expression was not used, but I believe it is found in three out of four—or nearer nine out of ten. I realize that your space is limited, but I wish to quote enough examples to prove the high class of the authors, and the respectable period of time covered:

"The Nine Tailors," by Dorothy L. Sayers (1934):
p. 209—"but none of them seemed to make sense."
p. 282—"The thing makes no sense."

"Death on the Nile," by Agatha Christie (1938):
p. 176—"Was the murder committed to divert attention from the robbery? No, that does not make sense."
p. 177—"But she was shot while she slept." "So that too does not make sense."
p. 190—"But it does not make sense," he cried.

"Death from a Top Hat," by Clayton Rawson (1938):
p. 125—"It's the queerest damn setup I ever—it doesn't make any sense at all."
p. 171—"No, that doesn't make sense at all."

"Fast Company," by Marco Page (1938):
p. 7—"it doesn't make sense."

"The Gracie Allen Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine (1938):
p. 97—"None of it makes sense, sir; and I don't like anything that doesn't make sense."

"Murder on Safari," by Elspeth Huxley (1938):
p. 125—"It doesn't make sense either way," Vachell said.

"Mystery Week-end," by Percival Wilde (1938):
p. 105—"and the whole thing didn't make sense."

"The Platinum Cat," by Miles Burton (1938):
p. 17—"I don't say anything about that blinking cat, for I don't see any sense in it."

"Then There Were Three," by Geoffrey Homes (1938):
p. 25—"it doesn't make sense," said the girl.
p. 152—"But that part doesn't make sense."
p. 260—"That doesn't make sense."

"Warrant for X," by Philip McDonald (1938):
p. 247—"I thought of dates, but they didn't make sense."

"The Wall," by Mary Robert Rinehart (1938):
Saturday Evening Post, May 28, 1938, page 6, column 3—"Maybe it will make sense to you. It doesn't to me."

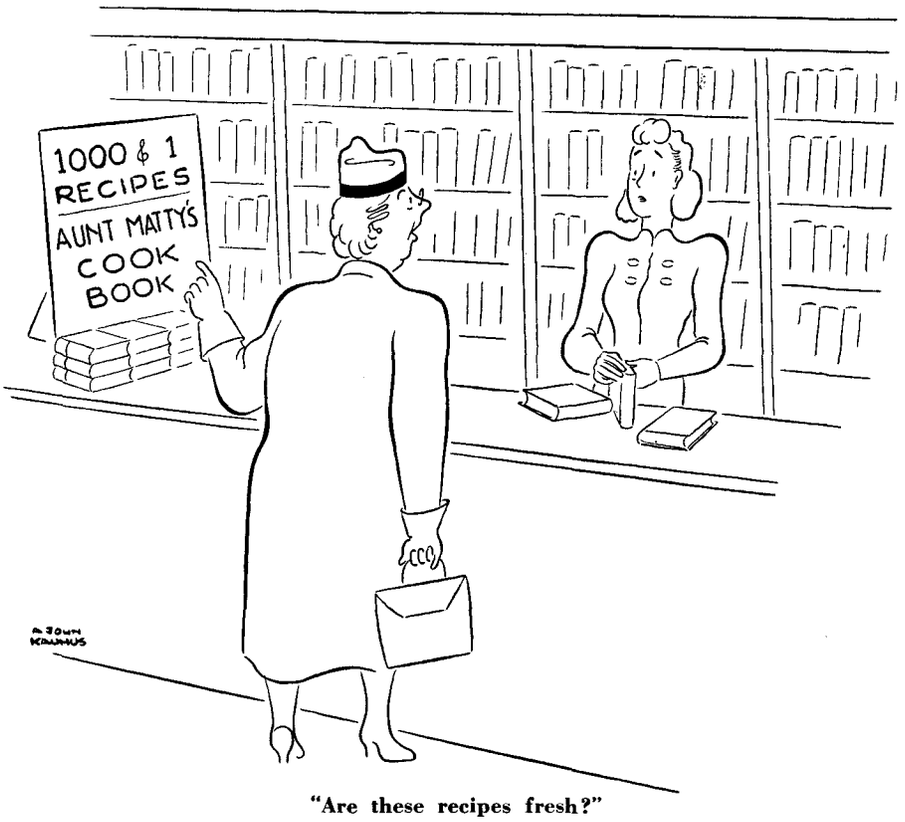
"The Case of the Substitute Face," by Erle Stanley Gardner (1938):
p. 80—"You know, Hungerford, this thing just doesn't make sense."
p. 134—"Wait a minute, Paul; that doesn't make sense."

"The Case of the Perjured Parrot," by Erle Stanley Gardner (1939):
p. 92—"You know, Miss Monteith, this thing just doesn't make sense."

"The Corpse with the Blistered Hand," by R. A. Walling (1939):
p. 75—"No one could make sense of that."
p. 225—"But—it doesn't make sense," Pye protested.

"He Wouldn't Stay Dead," by Frederick C. Davis (1939):
p. 154—"What—what do you mean?" "It doesn't make sense."
p. 216—"It doesn't make sense."

CHARLES F. McELROY.
Chicago, Ill.



"Are these recipes fresh?"

Hetty Green

SIR:—I am writing a biography of Hetty Green and her son, Col. E. H. R. Green, in collaboration with Walter H. Marshall, long private secretary to both.

Among a mass of pertinent material I find the repeatedly published statement that Sigmund Lubin of Philadelphia made some of his early movie thrillers on Hetty Green's railroad, the Texas Midland. Extensive research, in Texas, New York, and elsewhere, has failed to verify this. If any of your readers can throw light on that problem we would appreciate it.

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL
Adrian, Mich.

Howells Material

SIR:—I have in progress a biographical study of William Dean Howells. If persons who possess material relating to Howells's life will send it to me, I will copy it and return it promptly, with promise of future acknowledgment.

JOE HORRELL,
Department of English.
Univ. of North Carolina,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

The Florida Flea

SIR:—Your name is given with the hope that you can locate for me a poem—"The Florida Flea." Humorous. The last few lines read:—

"Were I an Indian
Or a Chimpanzee,
What a feast I'd have
On the Florida Flea."

It was given in a program by some Salem, Ore. people some ten years ago, so it is nothing recent or current.

LOWELL MASON KNAPP.
Academy Press,
Lodi, Cal.

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THE GALLUP POLL OF AUTHORS

In collaboration with the American Institute of Public Opinion, *The Saturday Review* recently sent selected current questions from the Gallup poll to a list of approximately four hundred American writers. Over two hundred returned the questionnaire, many of them giving permission to use their names in the tabulation of the results. *The Saturday Review* made this survey in the belief that writers are in the forefront of those who influence public opinion, and that the record of their views on leading issues is valuable. The results of the authors' questionnaire are printed below, and in parallel columns are recorded the results of national surveys on the same questions conducted by the American Institute of Public Opinion. All the results, both of the national surveys and of the special authors' poll, were tabulated by the Institute.

QUESTION	NATIONAL RESULTS BASED ON AIPO SURVEYS	RESULTS OF AUTHORS' POLL
Do you think the United States will go into the war in Europe or do you think we will stay out of the war? (AIPO Survey published October 25.)	*Go In: 46%; Stay Out: 54%; *(No opinion 13%)	*Go In: 31%; Stay Out: 69%; *(No opinion 24%)
Do you think the United States should declare war on Germany and send our army and navy abroad to fight? (AIPO Survey published December 8.)	Yes: 3.5%; No: 96.5%; (No opinion 4%)	Yes: 6%; No: 94%; (No opinion 10%)
What party would you like to see win the presidential election next year? (AIPO Survey published November 19.)	Want Dems. to win: 54%; Want Reps. to win: 46%; (No opinion 19%)	Want Dems. to win: 70%; Want Reps. to win: 30%; (No opinion 22%)
In general, do you approve or disapprove today of Roosevelt as President? (AIPO Survey published November 22.)	App.: 63%; Disapp.: 37%; (No opinion 10%)	App.: 69%; Disapp.: 31%; (No opinion 7%)
If President Roosevelt runs for a third term will you vote for him? (AIPO Survey published October 1.)	Yes: 43%; No: 57%; (No opinion 9%)	Yes: 53%; No: 47%; (No opinion 13%)
Do you think Congress should provide money to continue the Dies Committee another year? (AIPO Survey published December 15.)	Yes: 75%; No: 25%; (No opinion 28%)	Yes: 43%; No: 57%; (No opinion 5%)
Do you think the Wagner Labor Act should be revised, repealed or left unchanged?	Not yet published.	Rev.: 57%; Rep.: 9%; Left Unch.: 34%; (No opinion 16%)
Which country or countries do you consider responsible for causing the present war? (AIPO Survey published September 8.)	Germany 82%; England and France 3; Poland 1; Versailles Treaty 3; All Others 5; No Answer 6; 100%	Germany 54%; England and France 3; Versailles Treaty 5; Both Sides 19; All Countries 8; All Others 8; No Answer 3; 100%

*Answers tabulated as percentage of those replies which express opinions. Those expressing no opinions tabulated as percentage of total replying to questionnaire.

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THE GALLUP POLL OF AUTHORS (CONTINUED)

QUESTION

About how long do you think the war in Europe will last? (AIPO Survey published September 17.)

NATIONAL RESULTS BASED ON AIPO SURVEYS

Less than 1 year	31%
One year	18
Two years	16
Three years	11
Four years	7
Five years or more	17
	100%
No answer and indefinite answer	28%

RESULTS OF AUTHORS' POLL

Less than 1 year	10%
One year	13
Two years	31
Three years	12
Four years	6
Five years or more	28
	100%
No answer and indefinite answer	54%

Which side do you think will win? (AIPO Survey published September 17.)

England and France	82%
Germany	7
An agreement will be reached	2
No answer or qualified answer	9
	100%

England and France	59%
Germany	1
An agreement will be reached	14
Russia	5
Qualified answer	4
No answer	17
	100%

Whom would you like to see elected president? (AIPO Survey published November 19.)

Democrats	%	*Republicans*	%
Roosevelt	83	Dewey	39
Garner	8	Vandenberg	26
McNutt	3	Taft	18
Hull	3	Hoover	5
Farley	1	Landon	3
All Others	2	All Others	9
	100%		100%

Democrats	%	*Republicans*	%
Roosevelt	74	Dewey	50
Hull	8	Vandenberg	20
Harry Byrd	5	Hoover	14
Murphy	5	Taft	10
Douglas	2	J. P. Morgan	3
Lehman	2	Harlan E. Stone	3
Wheeler	1		100%
Mrs. Roosevelt	1	No answer	32%
Wallace	1		
McNutt	1		
	100%		
No answer	27%		

Others	%
Thomas	40
LaGuardia	20
Scattered (candidates receiving one vote each)	40
	100%
No answer	48%

For which presidential candidate did you vote in 1936?

NATIONAL RESULTS IN 1936 ELECTION

Roosevelt	61%
Landon	37
Lemke	2
Thomas	*
Browder	*
	100%

*Less than one per cent.

HOW AUTHORS VOTED IN 1936

(Percent of those who voted)

Roosevelt	66%
Landon	25
Lemke	1
Thomas	6
Browder	2
	100%
Didn't Vote	14%

What do you think is the most important problem before the American people today? (AIPO Survey published December 3.)

NATIONAL RESULTS BASED ON AIPO SURVEYS

Keeping out of war	47%
Solving unemployment	24
Recovery for business	6
Adjustment for labor problems	3
Threats to democratic institutions	3
Adequate relief	3
Balancing the budget	2
All Others	12
	100%

RESULTS OF AUTHORS' POLL

Keeping out of war	10%
Solving unemployment	26
Adjustment for labor problems	6
Threats to democratic institutions	12
Adequate relief	3
Balancing the budget	7
Economic reorganization	6
Abolition of poverty	5
The world at war	2
Corruption in democracy	2
All Others	21
	100%

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THE GALLUP POLL OF AUTHORS—CONTINUED

OF the writers who returned the questionnaire, the great majority expressed willingness to have their opinions listed individually by name. Space limitations make it impossible to list every reply in this way, particularly as many of them include more or less extensive comments in addition to the answers, and a full statement would include many qualifications.

On the question "Do you think the United States will go into the war in Europe, or do you think we will stay out of the war?" those who believe we will stay out include Franklin P. Adams, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Herbert Agar, Sherwood Anderson, Thurman Arnold, Herbert Asbury, Brooks Atkinson, Margaret Culkin Banning, Margaret Ayer Barnes, Stephen Vincent Benét, John Peale Bishop, Crane Brinton, Van Wyck Brooks, Paul H. Buck, Witter Bynner, Earnest Elmo Calkins, V. F. Calverton, Henry Seidel Canby, John Chamberlain, Stuart Chase, David Cornel DeJong, Bernard DeVoto, John Dewey, Mateel Howe Farnham, Irving Fineman, Norman Foerster, Esther Forbes, William Harlan Hale, Burton J. Hendrick, Quincy Howe, Alvin Johnson, Rockwell Kent, Sophie Kerr, Oliver La Farge, Rose Wilder Lane, Robert Morss Lovett, Ruth McKenney, Clifford Odets, Elliot Paul, Dawn Powell, Henry F. Pringle, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, George Soule, George R. Stewart, Rex Stout, Booth Tarkington, William Allen White, Stewart Edward White, William Carlos Williams.

Those who believe the United States will go in include John Bakeless ("I do not feel positive"), Harry Elmer Barnes ("If a long war"), Louis Bromfield, John Carter (Jay Franklin), Carl Crow, Clyde Brion Davis, Babette Deutsch, Edwin R. Embree, Albert Halper, Sara Henderson Hay, Inez Haynes Irwin, MacKinlay Kantor, Christopher La Farge, Robert Nathan, Albert Jay Nock, Fletcher Pratt, Elmer Rice, Kenneth Roberts ("If it lasts long enough"), Irwin Shaw, Robert E. Sherwood ("If the war lasts more than another year"), Phil Stong, Jesse Stuart, Allen Tate, John R. Tunis, Margaret Widdemer.

Among those expressing no opinion on this question are Newton Arvin, Leonard Bacon, Carleton Beals, Robert M. Coates, Malcolm Cowley, George Dillon, Granville Hicks, Robinson Jeffers, Alfred Kreymborg, William McFee, Phyllis McGinley, Julian R. Meade, James Reid Parker, Evelyn Scott, Upton Sinclair, Frank Sullivan, Jim Tully.

On the question "Do you think the United States should declare war on Germany and send our army and navy abroad to fight?" those who voted yes include Leonard Bacon, John Bakeless, Donald L. Clark, Edwin R. Embree, Sara Henderson Hay ("If we are drawn into war"), Rupert Hughes, Frank Sullivan, M. R. Werner. Among those expressing no opinion on this question are Louis Bromfield, Harry Hayden Clark, Norman Foerster, William McFee, and William Allen White. H. L. Mencken writes "It would be more decent and honorable to declare war and take the consequences than it is to carry on as now, striking stealthily under the belt." Practically all others signing questionnaires vote No on this question.

Those who wish to see the Democratic Party win the presidential election next year include F. P. Adams, Holmes Alexander, Sherwood Anderson, Newton Arvin, Harry Elmer Barnes, S. V. Benét, Silas Bent, J. P. Bishop, Bruce Bliven, G. A. Borgese, Louis Bromfield, P. H. Buck, Struthers Burt, Witter Bynner, H. S. Canby, John Carter, R. M. Coates, H. S. Commager, Malcolm Cowley, Carl Crow, D. C. DeJong, W. C. DeVane, Bernard DeVoto, George Dillon, Joseph F. Dinneen, Paul Engle, Irving Fineman, Charles J. Finger, John Gould Fletcher, George McLean Harper, Raymond Holden, Emory Holloway, Alvin Johnson, Rockwell Kent, Oliver La Farge, R. M. Lovett, Jeannette Marks, Christopher Morley, Elliot Paul, H. F. Pringle, Elmer Rice, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Kenneth Roberts, Lindsay Rogers, Irwin Shaw, R. E. Sherwood, Charles Allen Smart, George Soule, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Wallace Stegner, Rex Stout, Booth Tarkington ("conservative Democratic"), Allen Tate, J. R. Tunis, M. R. Werner, Thornton Wilder, William Carlos Williams.

Among those who favor the Republicans are Herbert Asbury, Gertrude Atherton, Leonard Bacon, John Bakeless, Crane Brinton, Mateel Howe Farnham, Norman Foerster, Esther Forbes, Robert S. Forsythe, Arthur Guiterman, Rupert Hughes, Inez Haynes Irwin, Wallace Irwin, Sophie Kerr, Rufus King, Christopher La Farge, Henry Goddard Leach, Cornelia Meigs, Frank Monaghan, Fletcher Pratt, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Vincent Starrett, Jesse Stuart, Christopher Ward, Stewart Edward White.

For the Socialists: Van Wyck Brooks, V. F. Calverton, Selden Rodman, Upton Sinclair. For American Labor: Babette Deutsch. For Farmer Labor: Albert Halper.

Those who would vote for President Roosevelt if he runs for a third term include F. P. Adams, S. H. Adams, Thurman Arnold, Newton Arvin ("probably"), Brooks Atkinson, Harry Elmer Barnes, S. V. Benét, G. A. Borgese, Louis Bromfield, P. H. Buck, Ben Lucien Burman, Struthers Burt, E. E. Calkins, H. S. Canby, John Carter, R. M. Coates, H. S. Commager, Malcolm Cowley, Carl Crow, D. C. DeJong, George Dillon, J. F. Dinneen, E. R. Embree, Kenneth Fearing, Irving Fineman, C. J. Finger, Henry James Forman, W. H. Hale, Harlan Hatcher, Sara Henderson Hay, Raymond Holden, Quincy Howe, Alvin Johnson, MacKinlay Kantor, Rockwell Kent, Oliver La Farge, Henry Goddard Leach, William Ellery Leonard, R. M. Lovett, Jeannette Marks, William McFee, J. R. Meade, George Milburn, Christopher Morley, Clifford Odets, Elliot Paul, Dawn Powell, H. F. Pringle, Elmer Rice, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Lindsay Rogers, Irwin Shaw, R. E. Sherwood, Upton Sinclair, C. A. Smart, George Soule, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Wallace Stegner, Rex Stout, Frank Sullivan, Allen Tate, J. R. Tunis, M. R. Werner, Thornton Wilder, Blanche Colton Williams, William Carlos Williams.

To the question "Do you think Congress should provide money to continue the Dies Committee another year?" those in favor include: Herbert Asbury, Gertrude Atherton, Leonard Bacon, John Bakeless, Robert O. Ballou, Struthers Burt, Witter Bynner, E. E. Calkins, John Carter, Isabel Fiske Conant, Carl Crow, Clyde Brion Davis, Bernard DeVoto, Edward Ellsberg, Paul Engle, Mateel Howe Farnham, Berry Fleming, Esther Forbes, Robert S. Forsythe, Arthur Guiterman, Clayton Hamilton, Burton J. Hendrick, Emory Holloway, Quincy Howe, Rupert Hughes, Zora Neale Hurston, Wallace Irwin, Robinson Jeffers, MacKinlay Kantor, Sophie Kerr, Rufus King, Rose Wilder Lane, William McFee, J. R. Meade, Cornelia Meigs, H. L. Mencken, Frank Monaghan, Robert Nathan, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Vincent Starrett, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Benjamin Stolberg, Jesse Stuart, Booth Tarkington, J. R. Tunis, Christopher Ward, M. R. Werner, Stewart Edward White, Margaret Widdemer. Many of these, however, would like to see changes in the committee's personnel and/or methods.

Those opposed on the Dies Committee question include F. P. Adams, S. H. Adams, Herbert Agar, Holmes Alexander, Sherwood Anderson, Thurman Arnold, Newton Arvin, Brooks Atkinson, M. C. Banning, H. E. Barnes, Carleton Beals, S. V. Benét, Silas Bent, J. P. Bishop, Bruce Bliven, Louise Bogan, G. A. Borgese, Crane Brin-

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ton, Louis Bromfield, Van Wyck Brooks, P. H. Buck, V. F. Calverton, John Chamberlain, Stuart Chase, Sheldon Cheney, D. L. Clark, R. M. Coates, H. S. Commager, Malcolm Cowley, D. C. DeJong, W. C. DeVane, Babette Deutsch, John Dewey, George Dillon, J. F. Dinneen, E. R. Embree, James T. Farrell, Irving Fineman, C. J. Finger, J. G. Fletcher, Albert Halper, G. McL. Harper, Harlan Hatcher, Sara Henderson Hay, Granville Hicks, Raymond Holden, Inez Haynes Irwin, Rockwell Kent, C. La Farge, O. La Farge, H. G. Leach, W. E. Leonard, R. M. Lovett, Phyllis McGinley, Ruth McKenney, George Milburn, Marianne Moore, C. Morley, F. L. Mott, Gorham Munson, Albert Jay Nock, Clifford Odets, J. R. Parker, Elliot Paul, Dawn Powell, H. F. Pringle, Elmer Rice, Kenneth Roberts, Selden Rodman, Lindsay Rogers, Evelyn Scott, Irwin Shaw, R. E. Sherwood, Upton Sinclair, C. A. Smart, George Soule, Wallace Stegner, George R. Stewart, Phil Stong, Rex Stout, Frank Sullivan, Allen Tate, Jim Tully, Thornton Wilder, W. C. Williams.

Comment on the Gallup Poll of Authors will appear in next week's issue.

21 Questions

THE ALL-AMERICAN FRONT. By Duncan Aikman. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 344 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH

THE current European wars and resultant international tension have made more pertinent than ever the problem of our relations with Latin-America. In consequence, the subject of our southern neighbors has stimulated an impressive if not always accurately informative list of publications. The majority of these recent writings, unfortunately, do little more than skim the surface of Pan-American relations; in the main such briefly superficial works are of no more practical value in clarifying our Latin-American problems than the columns of Lucius Beebe or Nancy Randolph are in disseminating a proper knowledge of Manhattan. Duncan Aikman, however, is a sufficiently astute political writer to mistrust surface appearances. In his present book, he approaches his subject with a healthy cynicism, avoiding the romantic bypaths that have misled so many of his predecessors.

At the outset he underlines the point, too often overlooked, that our Latin-American relations are not a simple economic or political problem. First of all, our national individualities are at wide variance. Secondly, we have in the past been prone to regard Latin-America as more or less unified—we speak, for instance, of a Latin-American policy. In actuality, however, there is no more unity, politically, culturally, or economically, in Latin-America than there is in Europe. To the south of us, then, we have not one problem in the matter of policy, but twenty-one problems—or rather, twenty-one sets of problems—one for each of the Latin-American Republics. To approach those problems intelligently, we need first of all to arrive at a basis of understanding. Something more than academic theory is needed. To quote Mr. Aikman:

> In a century and a quarter of talking about it, we have not, in a word, won Latin-America's liking or understanding, friendship, or coöperation. Latin-American relations have revolved during that period in an atmosphere in which the participants have seldom cherished the same aims, entertained the same concepts of themselves or each other, or meant the same things by the same language.

Mr. Aikman goes on a long way towards contributing to a better understanding, at least, of Latin-America. He has kept in mind the intense nationalism that pervades each separate republic, and has broken down and analyzed the various systems of government now operating. More important, he has studied the people themselves, delving into their habits of thought and action and modes of living. It is the author's contention, certainly a logical one, that you cannot deal successfully with a country without knowing something of the people that go to make up that country.

It is equally true that more than an understanding of diverse Latin-Americans is needed for successful associations in the future. Most essential is a reshaping of our own attitude, a playing down of certain of our more outstanding "national" characteristics. Many of the misunderstandings in the past, in our Latin-American relations, were due to our refusal to adapt ourselves to the ways of others with whom we were dealing, to an unfortunate habit of taking our customs with us while leaving our manners at home. These lapses in judgment, as Mr. Aikman points out, have proved costly, both from an economic and a political angle.

Mr. Aikman has taken a difficult, highly controversial subject and handled it with skill and competence. For those anxious to acquire a clear, realistic picture of Latin-American affairs it should prove invaluable. And it should be required reading for all self-appointed "foreign affairs experts" in Washington.

Associated Press

Thomas E. Dewey

Preconventional

ATTORNEY FOR THE PEOPLE. By Rupert Hughes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 361 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MELVILLE CANE

MR. RUPERT HUGHES, sometime biographer of George Washington, now gives us the saga of Thomas E. Dewey. It may subsequently develop that Mr. Hughes will have chronicled the lives of two presidents. Should this contingency ripen into accomplished fact, he could then, pointing to himself without immodesty, exclaim: "Well, I certainly helped."

For assuredly "Attorney for the People"—a title with just the right suggestion of Lincoln about it—should usefully reach the notice of every delegate to the next national convention of a certain political party; and how are Senators Taft and Vandenberg and the other embattled patriots going to cope with it? For Ivy Lee is dead.

Now, every one who can read and/or listen to the radio knows and admires Tow Dewey as a valiant fighter in the public interest; recognizes his uniquely efficient service in bringing to book criminals, rich and poor, and in eradicating organized banditry. We of New York City especially stand heavily in his debt, for it was his dashing charge that routed a threatening Tammany and brought about the reëlection of Mayor La Guardia and the fusion ticket. Dewey's successful battle with the underworld in the face of overpowering odds must be heartening to prosecuting attorneys and their constituents, especially all earnest youth, through the country. Mr. Hughes's assemblage of these forensic victories, while adding little to what we have already read in the day-by-day reports of trials, or in Sunday spe-

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cials, or in such books as Hickman Powell's study of the "Lucky" Luciano case, is none the less a skillful presentation of the dramatic career of a man still below the age of thirty-eight years. It's a glorious record whose luster needs no lily-gilding.

Complaining that his subject has been belittled by reference as Jack-the-Giant-Killer and "the young David confronting the old Goliath," Mr. Hughes will have only himself to blame should these sobriquets stick, for the flattering picture he paints not only suggests the aforesaid champions of Holy Writ and fable but bears potent resemblance to Young Lochinvar, Saint George, and Henry of Navarre.

The book is rich in material for political oratory. Its subject traces his ancestry to a persecuted Englishman who landed in Massachusetts in 1634. Admiral George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay, was a cousin of Tom's grandfather. This progenitor, we are reminded at least four times, assisted at the accouchement of the Republican party in 1854. Then there's a rich Irish maternal strain, and a splendid heritage of journalism, pedagogy, feminism, scientific attainment, and withal, simple, religious American family life in a mid-western town.

Too young for war in 1918, Tom at sixteen did his sturdy bit working on a farm. Neither a splitter of rails nor a canal-boy on the tow-path, he qualifies, however, by selling the Curtis publications and the Detroit *Daily News*. Later he pays his way at the University of Michigan, and "when," as Mr. Hughes points out, "Thomas Dewey fell in love with Frances Eileen Hutt, it meant that a son of a northernmost state, and grandson of one of the founders of the Republican Party, had chosen for his mate a daughter of the Confederacy born in a southernmost state." If this isn't a cue to the band to play "The Blue and the Gray," and start the delegates parading up the aisles, we don't know what is. It ought to capture the Solid South.

Despite fairly heavy brushwork, the essential virtues and natural attractiveness of the sitter emerge. One might wish, in the name of art, for some compensating relief against a too zealous advocacy. Mr. Dewey, according to Mr. Hughes's account, represents what Stalin must constellate to a Stalinite. Like the lord-chancellor in "Iolanthe," he embodies the law "without fault or flaw." Like the Sheriff of Nottingham in "Robin Hood," if only "for variety's sake," he could make one mistake!

However, one should not demand the perspective, shading, and nuance of a Lytton Strachey, but should graciously yield to the spell of the official press-agent.

An Amphibian War in Pictures

NAVAL SKETCHES OF THE WAR IN CALIFORNIA. Reproducing twenty-eight drawings made in 1846-47 *by William H. Meyers, Gunner on the United States Sloop-of-War Dale. Descriptive text by Captain Dudley W. Knox, U.S.N. Introduction by Franklin D. Roosevelt. New York: Random House.* 1939. $25.

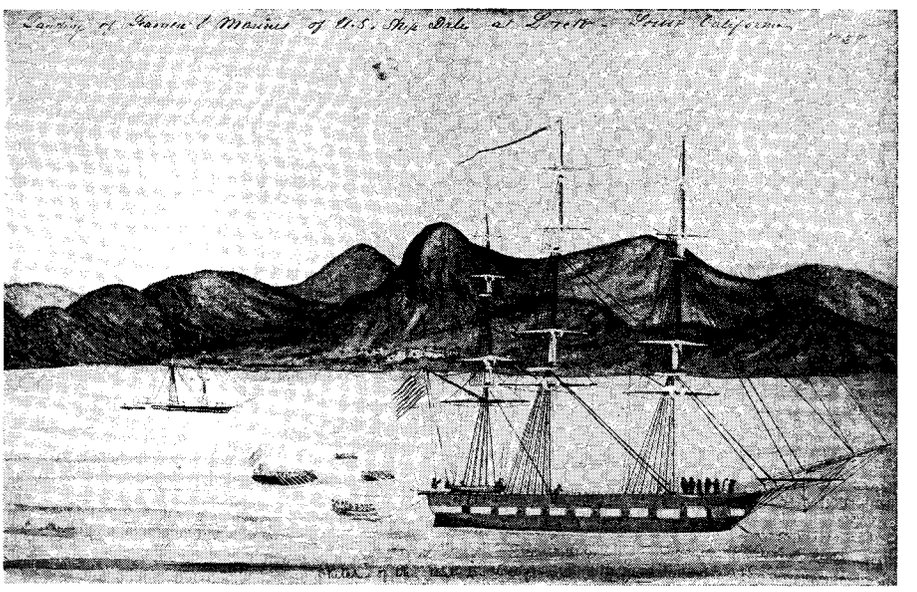
Reviewed by ROBERT G. ALBION

NOT often can the collector of old naval pictures acquire a gem like this. But then, a naval gunner does not often paint water-color action sketches which, for a naval gunner, are very good. There are twenty-eight of the sketches altogether, each measuring nine by fourteen inches, admirably reproduced in color by the Grabhorn Press at San Francisco. Readers of *Life* may recall the "preview" of a few of them several weeks ago. Not only are the pictures a joy in themselves, but they are also unique and valuable first-hand records of the little-known amphibian operations which finally secured California for the United States as a sideshow of the Mexican War.

The different aspects of the narrative and setting are well explained by Captain Knox, who is probably more familiar with the details of our naval history than any other man.

The foreword is the work of President Roosevelt, who owns the originals of the sketches as part of his extensive naval collection. Its composition must have presented something of a dilemma to him. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the President, has for some time been piously deploring the grabbing of territory by strong nations at the expense of weaker ones. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the collector of old naval prints, on the other hand, can scarcely conceal his enthusiasm for the efficient manner in which the United States Navy managed this grabbing of territory from a weaker neighbor a century ago. To be sure, he is nowhere as blunt as Captain Knox, who concludes with the words, "This magnificent and fabulously rich country was a prize which the Navy could hand over to the nation with a permanent certainty." The President opens with remarks about the "covetous statesmen of Europe" who were scheming for American lands at that time; he closes with a reference to "the amazing strides of civilization in what was, within the memory of persons alive today, a primitive and inaccessible part of the world." One hopes that none of his intervening remarks about the naval operations will bounce back from Berlin, Moscow, or Tokio.

Meyers, the artist, was a warrant officer on the sloop-of-war *Dale* which left New York for California on July 6, 1846, one day before the bluejackets and marines began the American occupation at Monterey. By the time the *Dale* reached the West Coast, the other ports had been occupied without resistance, but around Los Angeles several hundred Mexican residents were offering serious opposition. Commodore Stockton fought them with a mongrel force of bluejackets, marines, and volunteers, later reinforced by Kearney's dragoons which had come overland. Several of the Meyers sketches depict episodes of this land fighting, while numerous others show the *Dale* or her consorts lying off various barren parts of the California or Mexican coast, sometimes engaged in inshore operations. Altogether, the pictures should appeal not only to naval enthusiasts but also to those interested in Americana in general.



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The Lecture Business

(*Continued from page 4*)

North Dakota in seventeen days to keep a teachers' convention date booked months before the world-arresting activities of Mahatma Gandhi detained me on the other side of the world.

Lecturers—even the most intellectual—admit that their work is overwhelmingly physical. Personally, I would say that it is nine-tenths physical and one-tenth mental. The successful speaker must have material that, like a short story, goes somewhere, has a buildup. But his success in "putting it across" will largely depend upon his physical vitality, the nervous stimulus he gets from his audience, the amount of sleep he has had, and state of his digestion. Sometimes as he jumps about the country he suffers from too much entertainment; more often, in spite of the stories, from loneliness.

If you are so successful that you don't have to lecture, you probably can make some easy money at it. But to those who think it's a "cinch" profession I would present sobering facts.

The soldier of the line in the lecture profession is the $75 to $300 career lecturer. He averages $9,000 in fees yearly, but when commissions, advertising in the trade magazine, which goes to all program chairmen, and other professional expenses are deducted, he may have $3,500 to $4,500 clear. This "celebrity" takes his profession seriously, writing books and articles with the purpose of increasing demand, often traveling the world at heavy expense and even peril. He leaves to the English author or his American imitator—who will never be invited back—the fun of insulting audiences. He is often a man unknown in other lines, but he can be counted on to draw full houses year after year. Such a man was John B. Gough, reformed drunkard, who lacked the fame of his contemporaries Emerson, Phillips, and Beecher, but took in more in total fees. Today the white-haired dean of English lecturers, S. K. Ratcliffe, the platform veteran Louis K. Anspacher, and the traveloguist Burton Holmes are stars of the first magnitude.

The lecture business is as American as ice cream. To flourish, it requires the American curiosity to know what's going on, the urge to be in the intellectual and social swim, and freedom of speech. In 1816, a New Englander named Holbrook ran quaint advertisements offering to "go before groups for disquisition upon science, superstitions, politics or theology, for what they shall deem worth to pay to my living." By 1834 there was a network of 3,000 lyceum groups which invited the New England scholars to meet them in homes, in return for "kitchen and bedroom hospitality" and travel expenses. James Redpath, friend and biographer of John Brown, established a central bureau to arrange tours. He helped Charles Dickens on the amazing tour that took in $228,000 in 1867-68—still a record.

The man who really made lecturing into big business came out of Utah, James B. Pond, bringing Ann Eliza, nineteenth wife of Brigham Young, with her story of Mormon life. From 1880 to 1912 Pond put on Emerson, Phillips, Julia Ward Howe, and Walt Whitman, and developed Chauncey Depew, Lyman Abbott, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, Lew Wallace, Thomas Nast, Petroleum V. Nasby, Mark Twain, and James Whitcomb Riley. Pond made the lecture platform a prime factor in creating tolerance when he trained northern audiences to listen to the "rebel" New Orleans author of "Old Creole Days," George Cable, and got southern gentlemen and ladies to look up to platforms occupied by Negro orators Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington. Only the lecturer's halo could have overcome prejudices to that extent. Pond introduced the exploration-adventure lecture with Henry M. Stanley, finder of Livingstone, and the nature lecture with Ernest Seton-Thompson. He brought the Englishmen from Matthew Arnold to Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling. Pond's son started with Rabindranath Tagore and ended with Admiral Byrd, and now edits the excellent trade magazine, *Program* — whose monthly list of talent is a comprehensive index of America's interests and tastes today.

Meanwhile a Methodist minister, John H. Vincent, known to the lecture profession as "The Bishop," culturalized the camp meeting into Chautauqua Institute, which founded circulating libraries and started "popular edition" book publishing. Redpath's men put Chautauqua on the road, in five hundred circuits or tent-housed town festivals boasting forty million attendance just before the World War. Chautauqua developed Garfield, Bryan, McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Harding, LaFollette, James Bryce, William Allen White, and scads of other celebrities down to Lowell Thomas. It enabled Russell Conwell to make $4,000,000 from one speech, "Acres of Diamonds," delivered five thousand times, and build from the proceeds Temple University in Philadelphia. It enabled Lou Beaucham to make the record for "inspirational talks" of seven thousand repetitions of "Take the Sunny Side," Ralph Parlette to develop the "pep talk" with "University of Hard Knocks," given four thousand times—the printing of which started a big publishing house specializing in "success" and business books.

Gin, jazz, movies, and tin-lizzies killed the traveling Chautauqua; but lecturing lives, for lecturing is increasingly an essential part of American life. From it came the main stimulus to American adult education, reading courses, book clubs, correspondence schools, the immense business-book publishing business. It has been the firing line of our anti-slavery, temperance, woman's rights, and anti-narcotics crusades. It is of prime importance to politics today. The American public will always feel that the commercial lecture platform is the last resort of free and forceful speech—impossible to monopolize and control, for anyone who can talk on anything important to the lives of Americans can get some group to put him on, and if he was born with "the gift" other groups will hear about it and want him, too.

The Democratic Idea

NEW ADVENTURES IN DEMOCRACY, PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS OF THE DEMOCRATIC IDEA. By Ordway Tead. Whittlesey House. 1939. 229 *pp., with index.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

DOUBTLESS Mr. Tead would agree that "the cure for democracy is more democracy," but he does not so much as quote that sadly over-worked *cliché*. Instead he presents at length methods whereby self-government may be extended in education, public service, and industry. The author does not seek to popularize his treatment; certainly he makes no demagogic appeal. The result, as he himself says, is neither "a blueprint nor a panacea." Democracy is not conceived as perfection; moreover it is now under pressure from "power-seeking groups and power-drunken nations without." Given the necessary measures of reconstruction, however, the outlook is regarded as far from hopeless.

There is conviction enough in Mr. Tead's argument, and it is expressed with such sweet reasonableness that it should impress the most case-hardened Tory. The author will be strenuously attacked—and defended—for his assertion, accompanied by a wealth of detail, that "our economic life has to be dominated by purposes which are in harmony with those already established as sound in political government." Of course those readers who are ready to abandon democracy for something allegedly more "efficient" will reject the author's proposals.

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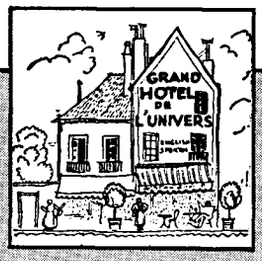

Timetable for Tramps

BY TIBOR KOEVES

"IT IS neat, witty, and playful." - *Clifton Fadiman in The New Yorker.* "Ranges all the great cities of the West, darts into the past, and pauses to consider the flitting loves of that great traveler Casanova. Sophisticated entertainment . . . a shrewd, wayward, and charming book."

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Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

The Church and the State

THE CATHOLIC CRISIS. By George Seldes. New York: Julian Messner. 1939. 356 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by PRINCE H. ZU LOEWENSTEIN

THIS new book by George Seldes is well documented and should be read by every student of present-day affairs; even if he disagree with its conclusions as much as I do, he would have to pay careful attention to its factual material.

American readers will be especially interested in the chapter about Father Coughlin; it is, if I am not mistaken, the first complete picture of the "Radio Priest of Royal Oak." His activities are endorsed by semi-military organizations, more or less closely affiliated with Royal Oak. The "Bund" is just one of them—small wonder that Coughlin's name is "heiled" at its meetings. Seldes mentions various instances of Coughlinites in New York indulging in street-fighting and red-baiting on the Nazi pattern.

Seldes presents many cases of alleged Catholic interference with the liberty of the press and opinion in the United States, as well as some instances of opposition to progressive legislation. These chapters, too, are worth reading, be it only because they do not prove their point. Instead of convincing us that Catholicism acts as a brake to American progress, they show the dangers of machine-rule in a democracy. The religious label of such a machine is irrelevant. After reading Seldes, we may conclude that there were Catholics who opposed the lifting of the arms embargo, the Child Labor Amendment, and so on, just as there were Jews, Protestants, and Free Thinkers who subscribed to the same policies.

The author makes a fair attempt at an appraisal of political "dissenters" among Catholics. Unfortunately, the impression persists that "anti-fascist" Catholics, however commendable, are only exceptions to the fascist rule dominating present-day Catholicism.

The book is not limited to American problems. In a sense it may be called "Inside Catholic Europe" as well. The tragic experiment of "Catholic Austria," so-called, is cited—the Austria which arose from the blood of the democratic labor movement in February, 1934, only to be crushed by a more powerful totalitarianism in March, 1938. To the thousands of faithful Catholics who lost their lives and freedom in this struggle, it could hardly have been a consolation to see "Heil Hitler!" inscribed in the handwriting of the Cardinal of Vienna, any more than it was to the masses of German Catholics who had withstood the onslaught of Nazi paganism.

George Seldes also reminds us that for a time the Spanish Civil War seemed to split Catholic unity the world over. While a large section of Catholics believed that it was a holy war for the ideals of Christianity, the fact remains that there were many who realized that war is never holy and that, far from being a modern crusade, the Spanish war was only a maneuver to encircle France.

The book points at the core of the problem when it emphasizes the success of Nazism in making the world believe that it formed a bulwark against Bolshevism. Pope Pius XI, who, while Apostolic Nuncio in Warsaw, had seen the horrors of the first approach of the Red Army, was certainly strongly influenced by the desire to use all possible means to keep Bolshevism out of Europe. His initial policy in regard to both Nazism and Fascism was motivated by the hope that these States would afford resistance to communist expansion.

This view was shared by many non-Catholics up to the time when the Nazi-Soviet pact of August 24, 1939, proved beyond doubt that Nazism with its complete lack of Christian morality—recognized by Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical, "With Burning Anxiety," March, 1938—could never be a bulwark against an equally un-Christian system of government.

Seldes quotes examples of apparent Catholic-fascist alliance from Latin America, Canada, Portugal—countries where no communist danger ever existed. The alleged willingness of Church circles to coöperate with fascist forces may well have been motivated by Nazi propaganda, which denounced as red everything that fell short of fascism. This policy corresponded exactly to that of the communists, who in the years of the popular front, 1936 to 1939, accused everyone not wholly convinced of the democratic sincerity of communism of being a fascist.

Some who are not able to distinguish between the temporal policy of the Church, where every Catholic has a right to his own opinion, and the Church as a religious institution, may be scandalized by certain fascist leanings of Church publications or certain ecclesiastical leaders. George Seldes, however, should be able to make this distinction and realize as well that it is a questionable policy to blame an entire community for the deeds of some or even many of its members. He himself excoriates such a policy in regard to the Jews. Anti-Semitism, it has been said, begins where the actions of Jews are called "Jewish actions"; anti-Catholicism begins exactly at the corresponding point.

Rather then proving the existence of a "Catholic crisis," or that non-fascist Catholics are fighting for a lost cause, the book is valuable as a collection of evidence for the strength of the Church which can embrace so many opposing temporal ideas without endangering its spiritual unity.

Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein is the author of "Escape to the Present."

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by

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"It is a dramatic tale, hauntingly beautiful, finely conceived and delightfully told." *Brooklyn Eagle.*

☆

"A strangely tender and unusual story which lingers with you even after the last page has been read." *Albany Times-Union.*

GOTHAM HOUSE

Complex but Clear

MODERN POETRY AND THE TRADITION. By Cleanth Brooks. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1939. 253 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE sober and somewhat academic title of this book may attract only specialists and students in a restricted field. That will be a pity, for it is a book which any intelligent reader can read with profit and not without pleasure. It is sound without being sententious; it is suggestive yet precise; it avoids the temptation of sensationalism and the opposite extreme of stodginess. Mr. Brooks writes lucidly rather than brilliantly about the reach of the image (emphasized in his chapter "Metaphor and the Tradition") and goes to some length to explain the "difficulty" of modern poetry and the reader's resistance to it. Although the book is not planned as a particular rejoinder, it constitutes a rebuttal to the objections raised by Max Eastman, Leonard Bacon, *et al.* against the more intellectual experimenters.

Half of Mr. Brooks's chapters deal with the fluctuations of the metaphor, the expanded gamut of metaphysical poetry, the contradictions of propaganda art, the insecurity of the ivory tower, the reasons for "indefiniteness," and the shifting "rhetorical caprices" of style. The other half deals with particular poets, especially with Frost, MacLeish, Auden, Ransom, Eliot, Tate, and Yeats. Yeats may not be the "hero" of the work, but his poetry serves as something of a touchstone, and he is analyzed most effectively in the chapters entitled "Symbolist Poetry and the Ivory Tower" and "The Poet as Myth-Maker." If Mr. Brooks is a trifle too owlish in his solemn dissection of Eliot's "The Waste Land," he is not only plausible but penetrating in his interpretation of Yeats's delicate and extraordinarily intricate "Byzantium." The concluding "Notes for a Revised History of English Poetry" may well prove to be the most stimulating reappraisal to be encountered in any similar work; it presents the challenging thesis that English poetry and poetic theory "were deflected from their richest line of development by the scientific rationalism which came with Hobbes and has continued its restrictive influence to the present day, when such modern poets as Yeats and Eliot have begun the re-establishment of the earlier line of development."

All in all, this is the work of a scholar who is sensitive to every nuance of feeling and every change of pitch. Mr. Brooks is a probing analyst, but he is not a pedant. His work, reflecting his subject, is allusive rather than simple and straightforward, complex but clear.

Louis Untermeyer is the author of "Play in Poetry" and other books of poetry and criticism.

"The first biography of one of the most remarkable Americans of our time"...

Edward Wagenknecht, Seattle Post Intelligencer

DR. HELEN M. DOYLE'S

Mary Austin:

WOMAN OF GENIUS

All thinking Americans will be interested in the drama, the color, the conflict of Mary Austin's life. A writer of great beauty who gave us unforgettable pictures of the "land of little rain", and a pioneer in arousing public sentiment for the red races, she was also a woman whose life story was fascinating and tragic. Dr. Doyle has told it skilfully. **$3.00**

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"Dr. Doyle makes the wild, bitter, eager Mary Austin of those California days intensely alive . . . Carl van Doren once wrote of Mary Austin that "a new degree ought to be conferred on her, M.A.E., Master of the American Environment". And no one has yet written of Mary Austin who understood her American environment as thoroughly as Helen MacKnight Doyle, who had been a pioneer woman with her, in the little town of Bishop in California's Sierra Nevadas. *Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

GOTHAM HOUSE

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WHO SMASHED Evelyn Lister's skull with a rock, and left this in her hand? . . .

I was only fifteen when it happened but I knew too much

WHO STABBED Art Dawson twelve times with a paper knife, and explained it this way? . . .

I knew too much

WHO BURNED UP Jenny Midge in her own house, but left this note behind? . . .

I knew I never told I should have

WHO HUNG Terry Whitcomb to his own yardarm, and pinned these words to his chest?

Counting myself I have killed everyone who knew about it

WHO but Abelard Voss, criminologist, could find out? The police of Waldham, Long Island, were no match for the killer who wove a shrewd pattern of crime around the bare grave of a man seven years murdered. $2.00

HOLT.HOLT.HOLT.

The Rape of the Land

VANISHING LANDS. A World Survey of Soil Erosion. By G. V. Jacks and R. O. Whyte. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1939. 332 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY

THIS book is much more than the now familiar jeremiad on man's abuse of the soil. Though not the most easily read, it is easily the best informed, the broadest gauged, and the most stimulating analysis of the tragedy of soil erosion that has yet appeared.

Much of the book deals with the genesis of the misfortunes which are the only crop that mistreated soils are sure to yield. Overplowing, overgrazing, and deforestation may at first be extremely profitable, but they ultimately lead to failing harvests, droughts, spreading deserts, dust storms, floods, poverty, and social unrest. The authors play a host of variations on this theme, with detailed information about the rape of the land on every continent and under every soil and climatic condition. Though this information (supplied largely by Mr. Whyte) is dressed in language that may tire some readers with its technicalities, it is intrinsically interesting and important. It paints a picture of soil erosion as a major world problem.

In the last half dozen chapters Mr. Jacks considers the economic, social, and political causes and consequences of erosion the world around. It is these chapters that the average reader will doubtless find most engaging. The American reader who does not already know it will be glad to learn that the American landscape can be saved. Though abuse of the soil has caused the pathetic conditions which Steinbeck's last novel has brought to general attention, it has also led to the creation of the Soil Conservation Service. Through this and related organizations, more and more farmers are learning and adopting conservation practices. The United States, in fact, is one of the most advanced countries in the development of a conservation agronomy. It may reasonably be hoped that in time it may learn—as northwestern Europe and Japan have already learned—to live on the land without bleeding it to death.

The problem of soil erosion is highly varied as far as the land is concerned, but it is pretty much the same in all countries as far as men are concerned. No telling measures against erosion can be effected in any given region unless all the land users coöperate in a plan of action which is based on the topographic and climatic conditions of the entire region. A few men debauching their acres for quick profit may conceivably wreck the conservation program of the area as a whole. As the authors put it, "The United States has not plunged for collectivism as Russia has, but the obvious impotence of the individual to control erosion or even maintain soil fertility in the face of present economic conditions is driving the nation in that direction." Though they may growl while doing it, Americans are coming round to the belief that curtailment of personal liberty is bad but starvation is worse.

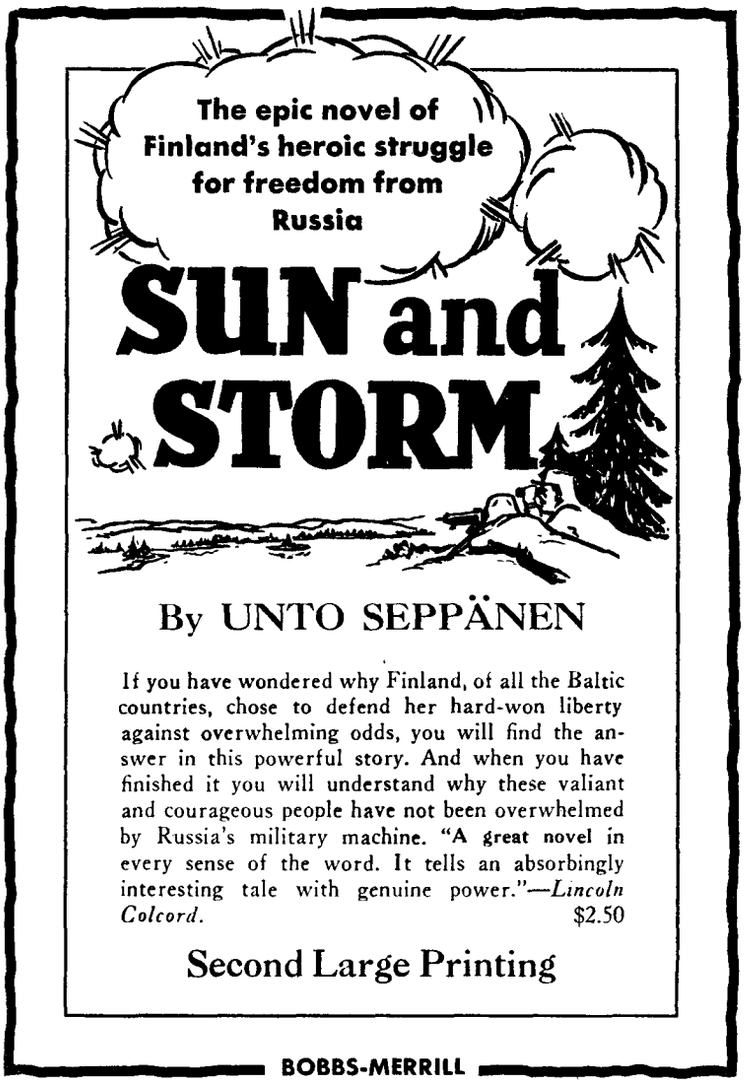
Intense nationalistic spirit, according to Jacks and Whyte, is a powerful aid to soil conservation. Nations striving for economic self-sufficiency are not likely to allow individual folly and greed to destroy the fertility of the land. Under the whip of nationalism the densely populated industrialized countries may be expected not only to take good care of their own soils but to relieve the strain on the soils of drier countries.

The nigger in the woodpile of this argument is the that when nationalism leads to war, as it has done in Europe, soil abuse on a large scale is almost inevitable. All the good accomplished through the threat of war will very likely be erased by the war itself. Not only will the warring nations probably debauch their own soils, but other nations will probably follow suit in the hope of juicy profits. So the world problem of soil erosion is apt to be with us for some time. Also for some time this book by two English authors is apt to remain the best treatment of that problem.

Literary Reference

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. New York: Oxford University Press. 1939. 592 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS competently edited manual is based upon Sir Paul Harvey's "Oxford Companion to English Literature," with additional items for contemporary writers of both England and America. It is essentially a condensed encyclopedia of authors, important works, characters, mythological references, and such general topics as "Ballad," "Biography," "Standard English," etc. The conciseness of definition and description is excellent, the choice of topics careful. The items of American literary history reflect critical judgments sometimes a little out of date; yet, on the whole, it would be difficult to find a more satisfactory handbook.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Poor Whites Are Not Idiots

FACES WE SEE. By Mildred Gwin Barnwell. Gastonia, North Carolina: The Southern Combed Yarn Spinners Association. 1939. $3.

THE SOUTHERN POOR-WHITE FROM LUBBERLAND TO TOBACCO ROAD. By Shields McIlwaine. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IN a world in which we are all propagandists whether we know it or not, Mrs. Mildred G. Barnwell, whose publisher is The Southern Combed Yarn Spinners Association, will be properly set down as a propagandist. She is. She has undertaken to show, with the help of some very good photographs, that the people who work in the mills of the association which publishes her book are good people in good jobs.

It is not my business to support her thesis. Everything she says seems true, but I am not sure what that proves. By selection of its title her "Faces We See" may be taken to be in a sense answer to "You Have Seen Their Faces" by Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White — which, of course, is propaganda also, if only for a better world. I doubt that it is an answer, for the two books merely present the best and the worst modern aspects of a long literary preoccupation with people who had not been well-off in the history of the South.

There has been a swollen romanticism which has spread the rich planters down to deep poverty and the pitiful poor up to the big house door. Most of us between have gotten very little attention. This story of the "Poor-Whites" Shields McIlwaine has traced with scholarship, good sense, and humor, through the printed pages from William Byrd's "History of the Dividing Line," published in 1728, to Erskine Caldwell's "Tobacco Road" of 1932. It is a squalid story, which runs from contempt through humor to concern. But Mr. McIlwaine did not assume the task of defining the limits of the "Poor-Whites" as a breed in the biology of the South, if indeed there was any such breed. He has recognized that in some cases the term was improperly extended. And the truth probably is that there have been po'-white people and white people who were poor through the whole history of the South—of the world, also.

Mr. McIlwaine is concerned with the historical aspects of the literature of the "Poor-Whites," but Mrs. Barnwell and her yarn spinners are concerned with the practical impression made by literature that the workers in Southern textile mills are a combination of the degenerate and the exploited. She undertakes to show that the workers in the best Southern textile mills are people of decent stock decently living, which ought not to be new. (This, of course, is not the whole story of Southern industrialism.) She is not Erskine Caldwell, but she has written in liveliness and conviction a picture of Southern workers who, as a group, are as intelligent and as pleasant to behold as any similar workers anywhere, who are, indeed, of the same stock as the mill owners. And I doubt if her propaganda on the Right is any more distorted than the propaganda on the Left which is called realism. This romance of the yarn spinners is not the whole truth, but it is as much truth as is usually presented by any on the Right or Left who tell only one side of a tale.

Together the two books should help the understanding of the poor in the South who have always been composed of people of diverse morals and abilities. Most poor whites now as in the past have been people in economic difficulty and they ought not to be confused with unconfined idiots of whom, like the rest of the world, the South has a share.

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THE NORTHS MEET MURDER *Frances & Richard Lockridge* (Stokes: $2.)	Spirits of lively N. Y. pair only slightly damped by discovery of nekkid corpse in vacant apt. bath-tub. "Loot" Weigand elucidates.	Falters slightly when amusingly irrelevant Norths are offstage, but that's seldom enough, and affair as whole comes off beautifully.	Delightful
GRAVE WITHOUT GRASS *Donald Clough Cameron* (Holt: $2.)	Abelard Voss, on trail of old murder in Long Island town, encounters four more, but finally stops "extravaganza of homicide."	Occasionally borders on fantastic, but thrills are incessant, deducing slick—with neat twist at end—and Voss more credible than before.	Good
THE MAN WITH TWO NAMES *John Palmer* (Dodd Mead: $2.)	Tragic tale of British importer and dope merchant whose daughter becomes coke addict and spills beans on double-dealing pater.	Methods of British narcotic squad interestingly described. Character competently drawn, and story moves deliberately to logical end.	Dramatic
A PICTURE OF THE VICTIM *J. S. Strange* (Crime Club: $2.)	Newspaper pix-man-sleuth Gantt assigned to photograph Long Island tycoon, snaps his fresh murdered corpse. Three more die before final exposure.	Barring extraordinary privileges allowed amateur detective, especially in final scene, and rather unobtrusive killer, story presents neat problem cannily solved.	Good
GALE WARNING *Dornford Yates* (Putnam: $2)	Vengeful English foursome—including girl—expertly trace murderous and slippery duo to sub-Pyrennean chateau where hell pops.	Excitement of chase keeps interest at fever heat. Men very British and very noble; girl unbelievably desirable; villains blacker'n night.	Romantic thriller
THE HOUSE PARTY *Edgar Allan Poe, Jr.* (Lippincott: $2.)	Death strikes twice at gay Delaware gathering, sparing neither guests nor servants. Insp. Grimes handles case efficiently.	Amorous didoes of socialities give body to tenuous but reasonably eventful yarn with solution that jells insufficiently.	No masterwork
SHADOWS BEFORE *Dorothy Bowers* (Crime Club: $2.)	Arsenic finishes two in English country-house; bludgeon a third. Insp. Pardoe overhauls relentless slayer on nick of fourth.	Solidly constructed puzzle, with final pieces falling into place at slightly confusing speed. Sleuth undistinguished but competent.	Adroit

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The New Books

Art

WORLD-FAMOUS PAINTINGS. Edited by Rockwell Kent. William H. Wise and Co. 1939. $2.95 (*De luxe edition,* $3.95).

This rather casual selection of generally poor color prints from a hundred more or less well-known paintings would seem merely a bargain for an unfastidious art-lover, were it not for Rockwell Kent's introduction and running commentary on the plates. Though prominently announced as editor on cover and title page, Mr. Kent had nothing whatever to do with the selection of the pictures, and—permitting the Irishism—even less to do with supervising the quality of the reproductions.

Mr. Kent carries off his task as commentator with gusto, providing a varied and always interesting continuous performance. In his introduction he pleads for a joyous irresponsibility in liking art. He has the sense for essentials, tells as much about Rubens in twenty lines as most critics would tell in as many pages. He can also be evasive without guile. When there is nothing he really wants to say about a picture, he describes its subject-matter either in his own words or in an apposite quotation. He damns Sir Joshua Reynolds through the mouth of William Blake. In one way or another most of the notes are useful and suggestive. Now and then there is a tendency to consider a picture merely as symptom of a social situation. But surely, apart from being a symptom of prevailing sentimentality and sensualism, a Fragonard is an extraordinary example of virtuosity. Possibly Mr. Kent is a little chary of casting his pearls, occasionally looking down his nose at his public. As compared with others in the field, this album deserves credit for providing a reasonable modicum of information about the pictures and the artists. The earliest painter represented is Giovanni Bellini, the latest Grant Wood.

F. J. M., Jr.

Drama

BLOOD WEDDING. A Tragedy by Federico Garcia Lorca. Translated by Gilbert Neiman. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1939. 61 *pp.* $.50.

The difficulties confronting any translator of Lorca are formidable. His manner is the manner of the Andalusian *romance,* which has no equivalent in English, and which, transposed into English, divorced from the movement and cadence of the folk-music that is its very soul, becomes merely floppy, meaningless doggerel. It is possible to preserve much of Lorca's wild imagery; but in Spanish the justifying context of this imagery is the singing or speaking voice, and translation destroys the context and accordingly falsifies the imagery. The translatable element in "Bodas de Sangre" is slight enough: a negligible plot, no analysis of character, with here and there a bit of dialogue that would come through in any language. What gives the tragedy its passionate life is the music that cannot be translated. Mr. Neiman was, therefore, beaten before he started. One's only hope of salvage lies in asking [1] if "Blood Wedding" is an actable, sayable play in English; and [2] if it is as faithful as it could possibly be to the text of "Bodas de Sangre."

The answer to both questions is No. Mr. Neiman's diction is wooden, lifeless; almost never can one hear a voice speaking. "She kneads your bread and sews your clothes [a mistranslation, by the way: the Spanish has "sews her skirts"], yet I feel, when I name her, like someone is throwing rocks at my head." That is the translator's characteristic manner—characteristic even down to the solecistic "like," which, for reasons known to him and to God, he uses throughout for "as." And he is considerably less happy when he attacks the scenes in verse. As for fidelity of translation, one can only regret that there are so many misunderstandings of the text. A *lenador* is not a "woodsman," but a wood-chopper; *mirar* does not mean "consider," but "look at"—whence the ruin of a fine speech on page 5. And so on—it would be tedious to list all the instances that a cursory comparison of the texts has revealed. This is neither a play nor a translation. It is scarcely English. It certainly has nothing to do with Lorca.

D. F.

Fiction

BOSS MAN. By Louis Cochran. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton. 1939. 271 *pp.* $2.50.

The familiar props of the Southern scene are here, the rich landlord and the poor sharecropper, the white-columned big house and the tenant shack, dissatisfied peckerwoods and the faithful black man who gives his life for his boss man. It is a story of individuals in a Mississippi Delta town rather than of the town itself or of a region.

The story might easily be a number of sociological case histories strung together with a thread of fiction and a lynching that border on melodrama, for it is dominated by social, psychological, and economic problems of a few characters. The story opens on the eve of the World War; and while the account of the contemporary speculations as to the effect of the European war on the price of Southern cotton is timely reading right now, there seems little reason for highlighting the ever-present sharecropper problem against a backdrop twenty-five years old.

Presenting neither a beautiful nor by any means complete picture of the South, "Boss Man" pictures one landlord and the tenants on his plantation. But there are as many landlords as plantations in the South, and their characters vary as widely as the Southern soil.

E. H.

DALESACRES. By Florence Ward. Dutton. 1939. 308 *pp.* $2.50.

Young and lovely Birgit comes back to Dalesacres, home of the family into which her grandfather, Nicholas Dale, was adopted. She finds there the sly Oviatt, always imputing evil, and the warm-hearted Arden, both much older foster brothers of Nicholas. She finds also her semi-cousin Christopher, whom she had always loved, and who has married another semi-cousin, Sue. Her coming brings new hope and life to every one; to Arden and to Oviatt because she is the image of Ingrid, the maid at the farm back in the night of time whom Arden had loved and Oviatt seduced, and whose child Nicholas

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they had secretly contrived to bring back as an unknown orphan to Dalesacres. If you are not sufficiently mixed up by now, perhaps it may be enough to say that Nicholas learns the secret of his birth just in time to prevent his marrying his childhood sweetheart, Lucia, Oviatt's daughter and therefore his sister. After that the business of Sue's deciding that Chris and Birgit had been made for each other, and her eloping with yet another semi-cousin, seems easy.

Unfortunately the reader, instead of following a clear strand of plot, gets to feel like a kitten tangled in a skein of wool, and cannot derive much satisfaction from the regeneration that Birgit brings to this group from Greek tragedy strangely transplanted fifty miles west of Chicago.

K. S.

Science

COSMIC RAYS. By R. A. Millikan. Macmillan: Cambridge University Press. 1939. 130 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

A field of modern physics which has aroused much popular interest is that of the cosmic rays—particles shooting into earth's atmosphere from the vastness of interstellar space at speeds of thousands of miles a second, apparently propelled from celestial electrical generators of billions of volts, and smashing atoms by scores when they collide with the material of our world.

Professor R. A. Millikan of the California Institute of Technology, one of the most renowned of physicists, is also one of the most noted of many workers with these rays. In this book he presents the revision of three lectures on cosmic rays which were given in 1936 at the University of Virginia, and in 1937 at Trinity College, Dublin.

The first lecture is definitely popular in tone, and discusses the social value of studying cosmic days, their discovery, and their general significance. The second lecture is on "Superpower Particles," and deals with the methods of studying the rays and their properties. The third lecture deals with the earth's magnetic field, which deflects the rays and produces variations in their intensities over the earth's surface, and with the tremendous energies of the rays. As the book progresses more and more technical material is brought in, but the author's clarity of style should keep even the layman of limited scientific training abreast of the argument.

G. R. H.

Travel

INVITATION TO ROUMANIA. By Derek Patmore. Macmillan. 1939. 157 *pp.* $3.

Mr. Patmore brings an appropriate background to the description of Roumania, that newly formed country, belonging to an ancient race with Roman blood in its veins, whose scattered contingents were finally united after centuries of oppression; a country where life still retains a trace of the East, though this "East" has long given way to modern Westernization. As an Englishman with Irish blood, brought up within the great feudal structure on which the life of the British Empire is built, the author evaluates correctly the retentive, solidifying forces of the ancient and healthy feudalism on which modern Roumania was built up out of its various territorial components; the inevitable but temporary moral conflict of the migration from country to city; and, not least, the political elements in the national and cultural life.

The style is bald and unpretentious, except for certain purely descriptive passages. Those who want to read a book about Roumania will find this one satisfying.

M. J.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 302)

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So the chase takes up one's life, that's all,
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Double-Crostics: No. 303

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

■	■	■	1·O	2·B	3·N	■	4·V	5·H	6·N	7·C	8·O	9·L	10·S	11·E	12·T	13·G	14·Y
15·U	16·J	17·P	18·M	19·D	■	20·D	21·Y	22·T	23·H	24·S	25·R	26·K	27·M	28·V	■	29·W	30·Q
■	31·H	32·L	33·G	34·C	35·K	36·J	37·I	38·O	39·F	■	40·Y	41·Q	42·N	43·M	44·P	45·F	■
46·K	47·A	48·M	49·H	50·D	51·U	■	52·E	53·R	54·Q	■	55·V	56·R	57·S	■	58·N	59·E	60·B
■	61·M	62·I	63·L	64·G	■	65·C	66·O	67·N	■	68·D	69·M	70·C	71·I	72·L	73·W	■	74·F
■	75·G	76·W	77·O	78·L	■	79·H	80·M	81·X	82·A	■	83·L	84·T	85·N	■	86·Q	87·B	88·G
■	89·K	90·O	91·S	92·W	■	93·Z	94·F	95·Y	96·V	97·K	98·D	99·P	100·S	■	101·M	102·W	103·D
104·K	105·N	■	106·H	107·Z	108·Q	■	109·R	110·B	111·I	■	112·F	113·L	■	114·B	115·G	116·O	■
117·B	118·X	119·I	■	120·E	121·S	122·N	■	123·N	124·M	125·V	■	126·Z	127·H	128·Q	129·C	130·O	■
131·B	132·S	■	133·K	134·U	135·V	136·P	137·H	138·J	139·T	140·R	141·A	142·L	143·O	144·S	145·X	146·Q	■
147·B	148·R	■	149·L	150·N	151·S	152·F	153·M	■	154·S	155·C	156·Y	157·D	158·J	159·F	160·X	161·Z	■
162·W	163·P	164·Z	165·A	■	166·H	167·C	168·A	169·L	170·K	■	171·H	172·F	173·Q	■	174·I	175·O	176·I
■	177·W	■	178·K	179·A	180·W	181·Y	182·M	■	183·B	184·E	■	185·K	186·T	187·Z	188·Q	189·P	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Austrian composer (1791-1857).	168 141 82 47 165 179
B. Title of three orations by Demosthenes (349 B. C.)	131 87 114 110 60 2 147 183 117
C. Wife of Aeneas.	155 167 70 7 129 34 65
D. English economist and essayist (1826-77).	20 157 19 50 68 103 98
E. Eskimos of Asia.	52 59 11 184 120
F. Aversion to food (med.)	74 94 172 39 152 45 112 159
G. Repetition for emphasis.	33 13 88 115 75 64
H. Novel by Thackeray.	49 31 5 127 79 171 166 106 23 137
I. Monster mother of the Sphinx.	176 37 62 71 111 119 174
J. American cartoonist (1840-92).	36 138 158 16
K. Athenian historian (B. C. 471?-400?).	97 185 104 178 89 133 26 46 35 170
L. Real, sincere.	32 72 142 113 83 63 9 149 169 78
M. Reasoning (adj.)	153 101 61 48 43 182 80 18 69 124 27
N. Inhaled.	3 42 58 85 67 123 105 150 122 6
O. Snoring (adj.)	8 1 38 66 143 90 175 77 116 130
P. Unemployed; useless.	136 189 17 163 44 99
Q. Flashing.	30 54 41 128 173 188 86 146 108
R. Pertaining to region of Boeotia.	109 53 25 140 56 148
S. Foreshadowed.	154 10 151 132 144 24 91 100 121 57
T. English cartoonist of "Punch" (1809-70).	139 186 12 84 22
U. Enzyme.	15 51 134
V. Gilbert and Sullivan heroine.	28 4 55 125 96 135
W. Twilled cloth.	73 177 162 102 92 29 76 180
X. Independent state, S.E. Arabia.	145 81 118 160
Y. Daughter of Bernard of Astolat.	156 95 40 181 14 21
Z. Banters (colloq.)	107 164 187 93 161 126

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q. suggested (Dec. 30) that the American News Company's purchase (many years ago) of 350,000 assorted E. P. Roe titles was "perhaps the biggest single outright book order ever placed." ☞A correspondent writes that probably the biggest was Sears Roebuck's buy of one million copies of *Ben Hur*. ☞We should love to hear more of this transaction, which legend speaks of as an achievement of Mr. Henry Hoyns of Harpers'. ☞A perfect pseudonym for a Hypervendible would be E. P. Roebuck. ☞M. E. D. (Woodbury, N. J.), writes a charming letter asking for help in finding mystery-detective stories of an older vintage—between, he says, the Sherlock Holmes era and about 1930. ☞We suggest he procure from Scribners' bookstore, if possible, the excellent catalogue of Detective Fiction issued by them a few years ago. ☞If this is not available, here are a few titles and authors for M. E. D. to look up—not necessarily all to his taste, but falling within the 1890-1930 period. Many of them date severely:—Anna Katherine Green: *The Circular Study, The Filigree Ball.*—Stevenson & Osbourne: *The Wrong Box.*—J. S. Fletcher: *The Charing Cross Mystery,* etc.—Arthur Morrison—Louis Tracy—E. W. Hornung—Robert Barr—R. Austin Freeman—A. E. W. Mason—Chesterton's *Father Brown* stories—E. C. Bentley, *Trent's Last Case*—the early Mary Roberts Rineharts—Ernest Bramah, *Max Carrados,* etc.—A. A. Milne, *The Red House*—and certain (carefully selected) titles by H. C. Bailey, F. W. Crofts, Eden Phillpotts, Agatha Christie, Dorothy Sayers.—Perhaps M. E. D. has missed one of the crime yarns which pleased us most in recent years, *The Murder of My Aunt* by Richard Hull (1935). ☞We are fully aware that this brief list is full of holes; but the pleasure of these things is that we read them unsystematic, forget them rapidly, and keep comparatively few. Hulbert Footner's yarns dealing with his woman detective Madame Storey have given us agreeable nepenthe; and at this moment we are keen to get back to a new drug-smuggling (or druggling) piece by John Palmer, *The Man with Two Names.* ☞Robb White, author of *In Privateer's Bay,* is back from the British Virgins (viz. Islands) and says that in spite of some howls from the library profession he and certain other masculine writers are hoping to get a little more vigor into books for youngsters. ☞Mr. White describes the War in the B. V. I.—"Road Town, with a population of 400 souls, is blacked-out each night; this consists of turning off the four kerosene street lamps and forbidding the natives to ignite their homemade candles. The Press goes up and down the single dirt thoroughfare each morning knocking at every door and reading in a monotone the latest war news from the BBC."

☞The well-known book designer, Richard Ellis, now on the staff of Haddon Craftsmen in Camden, was given a dinner on January 5 by the Philadelphia Art Alliance; Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach was toastmaster. ☞Speaking of Philly we were pleased to find Somerset Maugham paying handsome tribute to Walt Whitman in last week's *Saturday Evening Post;* but some things in Maugham's piece puzzled us—*for instance, of Henry James,* that "no one ever plumbed the surface of things with a keener scrutiny." ☞Can you plumb a surface? ☞The Saturday Evepost's idea of letting Philly know about its great writers Ben Franklin, Edgar Poe and Walt Whitman seemed rather genial. ☞Looking over some old files we discovered that five years ago Trade Winds tried to find out who was Friswell? He was quoted in a big bookstore advt. in Boston with the line "There is Nothing so Imperishable as a Book—Friswell." ☞No work of reference has ever led us to him, and we are still wondering; wishing of course to cure him of his optimism. ☞Our watchful colleague Jim Nelson nominates us the Decade's most ingenious mystery-blurb—from publicity for the movie *The Cat and the Canary—"Even your goose pimples will have goose pimples."*

☞"Publishing and the American Scene," a forum course open to members and non-members, will be offered by the Book and Magazine Guild beginning the week of January 22. Miss Jane Benedict will serve as chairman of the group of Thursday evening lectures. ☞Speakers will include Frederic Melcher, editor of *Publishers Weekly,* on "Publishing in Wartime"; Albert Maltz, O. Henry Memorial award winner, on "The Writer in Society, and Particularly in Relation to the Publishing Worker"; George Soule, editor of the *New Republic,* on "The Place of the Liberal Political Weekly"; and Louis Birk, editor of Modern Age Books, on "The Role of Low-Cost Books." Admission price for each lecture will be 25 cents for non-members and 10 cents for members of the Guild. ☞Also beginning Thursday, January 25, the course on "Book Design Theory and Practise," by Robert Josephy, president of the Guild.

☞We wish some one would give us a reference authenticating the story we read (some time ago) in the C. S. *Monitor,* about Hazlitt as a child losing a silver shoe-buckle on Cape Cod. ☞Congratulation to our old publisher friend S. A. Everitt on having two contributions in the 1940 *Old Farmer's Almanac,* which (we have stated erewhile) is the true pinnacle of literary fame.

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